Next Month

REGIONALISM
Burdette G. Lewis

Here is a plan for uniting the states more effectively. It aims at economy and efficiency by eliminating duplications in government administration and by removing hindrances to interstate business which are now caused by conflicts between state laws. Unlike other visionary schemes which have been offered, it is practical, it respects the principles and traditions on which our government has been built, it has been worked out in detail and is ready to put into effect at once. Washington has already recognized its importance and called the author into conference. You will be hearing of the Regional Plan long after Technocracy and its like have been forgotten. This article explains it in terms everyone can understand.

A HOME FOR $130
Katrina Hincks

Two newlyweds, with no job but plenty of spirit, dug into a Connecticut hillside and built themselves a home with their own hands. Field stone and old timbers from ramshackle barns went into it, and $130 they had saved. This article tells in detail how they did it, with plans and drawings and a monthly budget for those who are tempted to do likewise.

CHURCH *vs.* CREED
Paul Hutchinson

This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Hutchinson on "The Ordeal of Western Christianity" which is attracting wide attention among churchmen and laymen alike.

VISITING IN THE DEEPO
Dora Aydelotte

Miss Aydelotte's nostalgic recollections of childhood on a farm in the nineties have called forth such a response from our readers that we are publishing another by popular demand — and there will be more to come. Their charm seems to appeal irresistibly to all who shared her experience in their youth.

THE BLIGHTED STATES
Paul Sifton

Paul Sifton toured the South and the Middle West observing the varying effects of the depression in different sections of the country. In Florida he found oranges rotting in the groves, lots for sale in Miami for $24, eels swimming in a living room. In Arkansas, hotel patrons forced to sleep three in a bed, with one sheet. In Kalamazoo, aspirin tablets for sale at hot dog stands.

F O R U M
and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, $5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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BOOKS FOR LONG WINTER EVENINGS

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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EARTH HORIZON, by Mary Austin (Houghton, Mifflin, $4.00). Before completing two important books, one on Spanish colonial arts in New Mexico, the other on American Indian art, Mary Austin has published her autobiography. Her style is as novel as her life is original, and both are authentically American. Mary's individuality asserted itself when, a child, she shocked the family by asking for a four-minute egg for breakfast instead of the conventional very soft-boiled. Her life has shuttled back and forth across the continent from a drab middle-western home to New York, to California, and now to Santa Fé among the pueblos, but each motion, each gesture as painter, poet, novelist, she calmly insists fits into her predetermined pattern, bounded only by the blue mist which the Indians see, the mist of mysticism on the earth's horizon.

TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI, by Emil Ludwig (Little, Brown & Co., $2.75). A remarkable series of interviews with the dictator, so skillfully managed by the author that they permit Mussolini to present his philosophy of government, as well as his ideas on history and his own destiny. They reveal a highly introspective individual who obviously feels the necessity of rationalizing every action, but who acts first as the occasion demands and then creates the philosophy to fit. The book presents a strangely calm Mussolini that is quite unfamiliar to the readers of American newspapers.

NEVER ASK THE END, by Isabel Paterson (Morrow, $2.50). To their own candid surprise, the three highly civilized Americans — two women and a man — who figure in this story discover that emotional turbulence and adventure do not end with the forties. Their relationship stretches back over a long period of years, and when they meet again abroad, and travel together, it blossoms into a new

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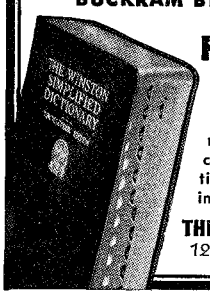

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Books in Brief

and unexpected flowering. Mrs. Paterson uses a curious, elliptical, yet wholly satisfactory method to tell the story of these three. Gradually, bit by bit, as they brood, remember, and trace back the sources of their present actions, their past is revealed in all its complexity, and they themselves emerge clear and complete. This is a mellow, witty, and very charming novel — conspicuously shrewd in its analysis of character.

A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS, by G. D. H. Cole (Knopf, $3.75). This is the clearest and fairest piece of writing by a technical economist since Salter's *Recovery*. It is so fair and helpful that, although the author points to some form of state socialism as the easiest way out, he gives the reader who prefers conservatism all the apparatus required to pick up capitalism and put it on its feet again.

BERNARD SHAW, by Archibald Henderson (Appleton, $7.50). Bernard Shaw and his versatile American biographer are both FORUM authors, and the Editor regrets that he has been able to publish so little by them. FORUM readers who still remember our brilliant dialogue between Shaw and Henderson, or Henderson's able defense of Einstein in a FORUM debate with an American astronomer, or Shaw's spirited answers to our questionnaire on socialism, will, if necessary, sell America short in order to raise the funds with which to purchase this comprehensive biography.

MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS, by Edith Olivier (Viking, $2.50). Exquisitely written, fragile, and a little bizarre — like all of Edith Olivier's novels — this is the story of two girls whose lives were sacrificed to a tyrannical father, warped and obsessed by his passion for a lovely old Queen Anne house, inherited from his forefathers, which stood in a Cathedral Close. Until she made her one pitiful attempt to break away, young Emily knew scarcely more of life outside the Close than did her older, invalid sister. The attempt ended in tragedy, and though Emily, alone of the three, survived, she had learned that modernity and a full life were not for her. The book has a rare, delicate quality, but is a little too remote to be moving.

CRIMINALS AND POLITICIANS, by Dennis Tilden Lynch (Macmillan, $2.00). Mr. Lynch follows his book on Grover Cleveland within the year with another entertaining volume of Americana. The racketeers constitute an important American caste and will be the subject of curious study for many generations of school children. To-day Mr. Lynch's

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GOD'S GOLD, by John T. Flynn (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). The title of this biography of John D. Rockefeller is explained by the relationship which Mr. Flynn points out existed between the oil-king's activities in accumulating wealth and business power and his religion. "God gave me my money," said Rockefeller, and the story of just how this miracle took place is essentially the story of the rise of American big business. Considering how difficult it is for most biographers to steer any sort of a course between malignity and eulogy when portraying a person so intensely hated and admired as Rockefeller, Mr. Flynn deserves much praise for the rare impartiality he has shown throughout the present work.

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT, 1911–1920 (Viking, $4.00). The second volume of this revealing record of a materialistic artist. Bennett's visit to the United States is included, as are also his reactions to the war. Even more interesting than the first volume; which is high praise indeed.

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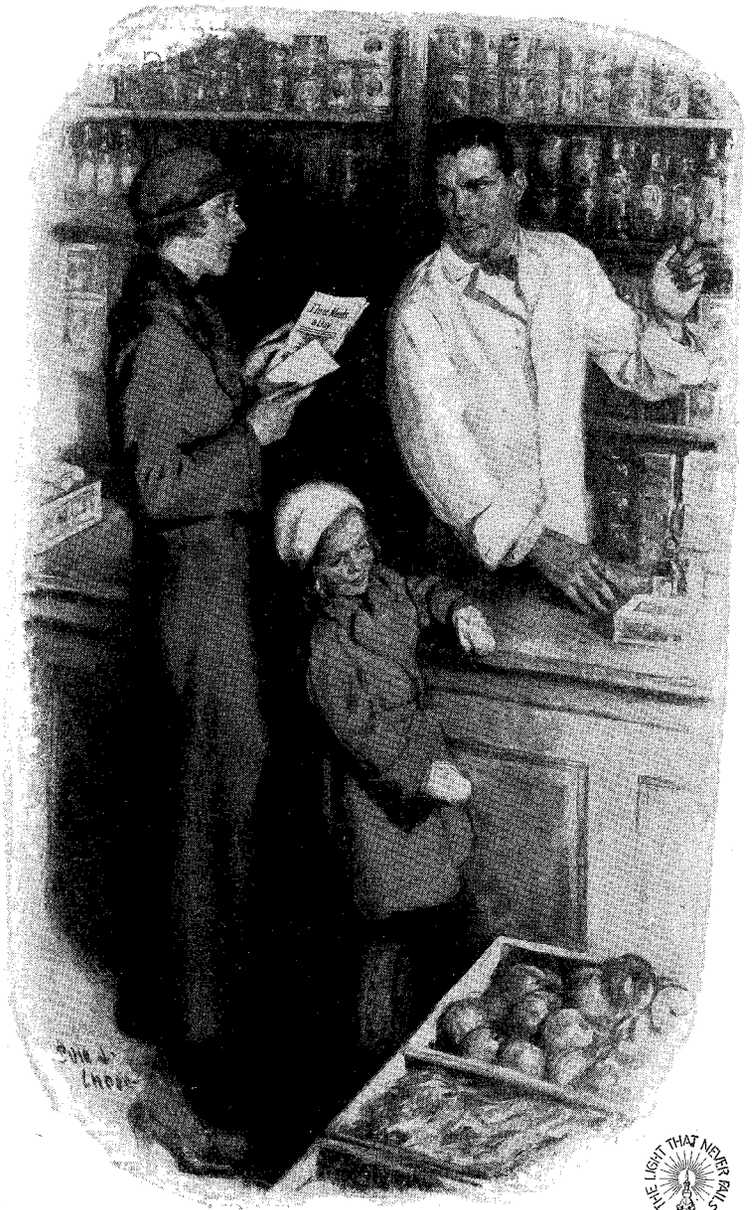

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F O R U M

FEBRUARY, 1933 VOL. LXXXIX, NO. 2

The Supreme Council

A Foreword by the Editor

In the July Forum we advocated the creation by Congress of a national advisory council. Like the Supreme Court this board is to consist of nine members. The duty of this new body will be to study the major problems of the nation scientifically without political or partisan prejudice and, from time to time, to make recommendations either to Congress or the Executive as well as to advise private business and to educate public opinion.

Our Supreme Council will not be an imitation either of Fascism or of Communism. It will have absolutely no power to impose acts. It will confine its operations to recommendations in the public interest and depend for execution on public opinion. For public opinion does act when it becomes either frightened or thoroughly enlightened. Some of us still remember the astonishing efficacy of mere suggestion from high places during the world war. No legislation required us to eat corn-bread instead of wheat-bread; no official commanded us to dig up our lawns and plant potatoes or to walk to church on Sunday in order to save gasoline. The Executive branches of the government had merely to suggest the desirability of such patriotic behavior, and voluntarily and gladly most of us went about eating corn instead of wheat, planting potatoes instead of grass, and leaving our automobiles in the garage all day Sunday.

The American people are not ready for socialism or autocracy, but in times of bewilderment like the present they do welcome advice from disinterested sources in whose sincerity they have confidence. At this writing the riddle of Technocracy is stalking the land, demanding a candid estimate and an answer. Is it a time to spend or to save, should we plant one-half of our acreage or only one-tenth, should we pool business units or break them up, and what is the real common sense about the war debts? The three schemes to save agriculture — debenture, equalization, domestic allotment — could be put up to the Supreme Council to have the political hokum squeezed out of them; possibly the Council would ask Congress to scrap the lot and, instead, restore foreign trade.

Where shall we find these solons to constitute a Supreme Council? First, let us include, because of their experience, the living ex-Presidents of the United States. Then let us draw as far as possible from that politically unused reservoir of wisdom, our universities. Our experts are constantly called to advise foreign countries; why not give them a task at home? At Princeton University sits Edwin Kemmerer, professor of economics; he once saved the finances of Poland; let him tell us how to save our own. In this Council we need also sociologists, men more interested in consumption than production, more concerned about human happiness than labor-saving machines. Let us include women too; the states of California and Colorado can offer us able women whose life jobs are devoted to maintaining our standard of living.

Men to-day are in as dire need of collective wisdom and direction as were the ancient patriarchs who required the assurance "Thus saith the Lord."

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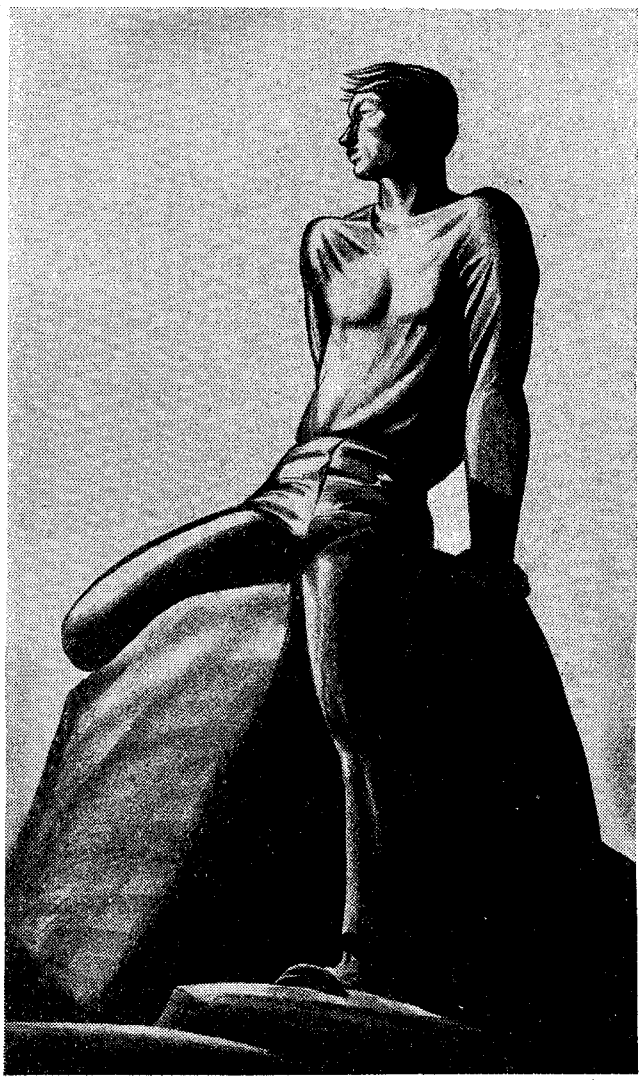
The Turning of the Tide



Lithograph by Rockwell Kent *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

by JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

Former President of Princeton University

THE DEPRESSION has remained with us far longer than anyone had thought possible. It has worn us down, not only economically and financially but in spirit as well. We petulantly cry out "How long, oh Lord, how long!" We eagerly hope to see the turn of the tide and the coming again of the old times of prosperity. How many prophets, wise in their own eyes, assured us that the crisis of 1929 could not last longer than a few months, and endeavored to deceive us with vain cries of "business as usual" and "return to normalcy." Their confident predictions remind us of the futile cry in the early fall of 1914 — "out of the trenches by Christmas." The four months assigned to the duration of the war dragged out to four years, and the end is not yet. We are still suffering from the consequential damages of the actual hostilities.

In our eager expectancy to see some change

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for the better and to see it soon, it might be well to put to ourselves the question — are we prepared in proper thought and spirit for the change, if it should come, or, on the other hand, if it is indefinitely postponed, are we able to command sufficient intelligence and courage to learn the wisdom of adapting ourselves to a radically different and new order of social organization? Are we prepared to meet the future, whatever may be its nature?

Two fallacies are prevalent concerning this long hoped for change in the tide of affairs. They represent very different points of view, but both spring from the same source — namely the idea that the stage setting for the return of prosperity is determined by forces quite exterior to our human behavior. One of these fallacies I would designate as the "manifest destiny" theory of our country's history and of the future which lies before us. The second is the fallacy of "economic sovereignty."

The phrase "manifest destiny" has figured again and again in the pyrotechnic oratory of those well-intentioned individuals whose sober thought gives place to a form of emotional optimism. They insist that continued progress in our national life, despite any temporary depression, must certainly characterize the future of the people whose past reveals convincing evidence of a manifest destiny silently and mysteriously directing every critical epoch of our national life.

What is the basis of this idea of "must," the idea of a power working hidden and mysterious, quite irrespective of our initiative and endeavor? I am willing to admit, as I certainly believe, that there is a divinity that shapes our ends, whether from the standpoint of the individual or of the collective group. But all history teaches us that whatever divine power there may be in our individual lives or the life of the nation, it works through human instruments. We are not merely the passive observers of a stupendous national drama. Whatever may be its character, we are certainly actors in the midst of its development. Our national destiny is certainly not independent of our resourcefulness or of our national character. As we look back over the history of our nation, it is evident that our progress has been due to the fact that there were men and women in every generation who believed in something and someone higher than themselves. Not only were they courageous in expressing their convictions, but their lives measured up to their faith, their spirit of endurance, and their determination.

It is easy to believe in the manifest destiny of a nation as long as there is a recognition of a moral and spiritual fiber in the spirit of its people. The idea of manifest destiny is too indefinite and absurdly superstitious unless it is based upon our confidence in the character of the people who can make such a destiny possible. I do not believe that any divine miracle has happened or will happen in our national history, but I do believe that a divine power does manifest itself through the channels of consecrated human personality. What was said centuries ago of Rome may well be taken to heart to-day as we dwell upon the possibilities of our future as a nation: "Rome stood because of her ancient morals and her men."

Then there is the second fallacy, which I have called that of economic sovereignty. There is a general tendency to-day to explain through economic causes almost anything which happens. Economic law is supreme. In the books and magazines dealing with the current depression there is a quest for the economic master key which will open any and every lock. In this fallacy, that economic knowledge is the universal solvent, there is a pessimistic attitude quite in contrast to the optimistic point of view of the "manifest destiny" school of thought.

Advocates of the "economic sovereignty" idea insist that the forces forming our national life are too big for our puny efforts to combat. Some of these forces are moving out of a distant past, others have their origin in our own country, others far away in remote regions of the earth. But, we are told, all conspire to bring about results before which we are helpless.

I do not wish to minimize in any sense, certainly not to disparage, the importance of economic causes which may have led to our present depression or which may in turn lead us out again into a new sphere of prosperity. But here again we must recognize the fact that these forces, however powerful they may be and however far-reaching in their operation, nevertheless cannot be regarded as independent of the activities of the human being. They indeed affect us, but we in turn react upon

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them. We may modify them at certain times, and under special circumstances we may wholly neutralize them.

The relation of man to the economic forces of the world is analogous to the relation of man to the physical forces. In neither sphere can we change the workings of natural law, but through the knowledge of natural law we may direct these forces toward our desired ends. Man is not the plaything either of the forces of nature or of determining economic conditions. That which characterizes man as different from all other animals, and places him in a class wholly by himself, is the fact that while all the animal kingdom develops in the process of evolution according to its power of adaptation to environment, man develops and progresses through his ability to adapt his environment to himself. It is the outstanding distinction of the human species that it can command circumstance to obey its wish and will.

The Lessons of the Lean Years

We have recently passed through two periods of unprecedented prosperity and depression. We must have learned something of permanent value from these experiences. We realize certainly more clearly to-day the mistakes which must have counted against us throughout the period of prosperity, and it is possible that this depression may impart to us a new wisdom to meet prosperity again when it comes to us.

Certain lessons from the experiences of this last decade we should learn. The first is that we are in danger at the present time not merely of losing our wealth and the material comforts and necessities of life but also our spirit. Whatever the future may hold for us, we cannot face it with any degree of satisfaction if we have lost control of ourselves, if we have come to distrust our own powers. There comes a time to everyone when the ordinary output of his will power seems to be of little avail. It is then that no ordinary effort will enable a man to rise above the level of his depressed thoughts and feelings. We have certainly reached that state in our present experiences. But the untapped sources of power, to use a phrase of William James, must be called upon. We dare not allow a deflation of spirit. There must be the will to endure, the determination not to be downed, whatever may happen.

To-day we needlessly dissipate our energies in futile talk and in brooding over our distress. Of what avail is it to paint in our imagination the darkest possible picture of the future and by anticipation live in it? We need the courage that is born of hope, and not only the will to believe but the will to overcome as well. I recall a passage in Conrad's *Youth*. He is describing a storm at sea and he remarks that "to me the ship in the storm was the endeavor, the test, and the trial of life," and then goes on to note the splendid spirit with which the officers and crew conducted themselves in the face of danger and says "there was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle and masterful, like an instinct — a disclosure of something secret, of that hidden something, that gift of good or evil that makes racial difference and that shapes the fate of nations."

There is another lesson which I think our experience should teach us, and which must exercise a profound effect upon our whole outlook into the future. We need a renaissance of idealism. Some people have a false impression of the significance of idealism. They think of it as a philosophy separated far from the practical everyday life of affairs. They would go further perhaps and insist that the man who has an idealistic philosophy of life unfits himself to live satisfactorily in the world as it is. Now for me idealism means that there are values which cannot be expressed in material terms. In the time of prosperity, values are likely to be expressed solely in material terms. In the years of plenty we lose sight of the fact that there are other values so far beyond the sphere of getting and spending as to be easily overlooked or, if hastily recognized, at once forgotten.

When we come in the quiet and sober moments of these years of depression to ask ourselves what are, after all, the highest values — highest in the sense that they can never be sacrificed for any other — we come to the calm judgment that there do exist values of this higher order, which reveal to us sources of supreme satisfaction within the depths of our spirit and which are not mediated through the senses, or by the things we possess, but by those thoughts and feelings which transcend this external world wherein we seem to live and move and have our whole being. I have in mind those deeply imbedded thoughts and

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emotions which cannot be counted or measured or weighed by any material units of description or computation — such as the illimitable mass of our affections, within our own family groups or the circle of our friends, or in that still larger sphere which commands our interests and solicitude for the welfare of humanity in general; or our instinctive appreciation of the order and beauty of the world in which we live, our sense of justice and fair play, of duty, honor, the dictates of conscience and the integrity of character. "These are the things that men live by." It is only through an idealism of such a nature that we can penetrate to the core of reality. Otherwise we live on the surface of existence, and never sound its depths.

The Need for Character

The financial cause of the depression has been often stated as frozen assets. A conspicuous frozen asset has been that of character. In much of the modern literature of to-day there is a scornful attitude toward the old-fashioned idea of the essential value of character. There is an effort to eliminate from our vocabulary such words as conscience, obligation, responsibility, duty. It is declared with more heat than light that we have outlived these ideas.

What is needed to-day in order to face the present depression and to prepare for prosperity when it comes is the reaffirmation not only in thought but in practice of the fact that there is a fundamental distinction between right and wrong. Moreover, there must be a recognition especially that the extreme individualism of business methods and practices in the time of our inflated prosperity must give way to a quickening sense of the common lot of man, and that prosperity which appears in spots cannot survive the incompleteness of the whole. When "big business" thrives at the expense and the failure of smaller and competing enterprises, where wealth accumulates and poverty grows apace, when industry flourishes and agriculture decays, when one section of the country enjoys abnormal prosperity and another an equally abnormal depression, then there can be no question of common weal. We have been shortsighted in failing to understand that the prosperity of the whole can be maintained only when the prosperity of all parts and phases of this complicated nation is not allowed to become impaired. We are slowly learning the lesson that America's prosperity cannot indefinitely continue so long as there is an impoverished Europe. So also within our country itself we must seek that kind of prosperity in which every part of our land, every social stratum, capitalist or laborer, big business and small, the corner grocer and the chain store can all benefit together. The common weal is our objective.

It is very easy to recognize the fact that we are all one, bound together by common interests in times of common peril, in such crises as the World War or the depression in which we find ourselves to-day. But when prosperity appears there comes in its wake that absorption in self-centered interest that makes co-operative effort impossible. In the years of the World War it was the menace of a common peril that gave unity of spirit to our people and the sense of comradeship. We fail to read aright the signs of the times if we are not able to perceive the common peril now confronting us. The present may conceal, but the future will certainly reveal it. It is the peril that we may be left morally and spiritually bankrupt as well as financially insolvent.

The year 1932 was the anniversary of Goethe and Washington, and there are two thoughts expressed by them which it would be well for us to bear in mind. That of Goethe is this: "What you have inherited from your fathers you must earn for yourself before you can call it your own." And the words of Washington which I have taken from his Farewell Address: ". . . It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages that might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?"

What we have inherited from our fathers we read in the words of Washington. The responsibility which our heritage devolves upon us, we find in the admonition of Goethe.

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Huey the Great

by **MILDRED ADAMS**

"I DON'T start things much," said the Kingfish, admiring the polish on his fingernails. "I jump on wagons other people start and go places. If you start things yourself there's too much work to be done ahead of time. You know how it is when you fry an egg." He abandoned his study of the polish, hitched up his shirt sleeves, and leaned forward to emphasize his point with a freckled forefinger. "You have to hunt your wood, and build a fire, and heat your pan, and brown your butter. I let other folks do all that. Then I come along and put the egg in."

Had he gone further, and said just what kind of an egg it was that he was going to put into the frying pan of national politics, a number of earnest people might have been better pleased. The fire is there, the pan is ready. He has picked up two nice dry sticks that will burn under it just where and when he wants them. He has a bit of suet in one corner which, in the housewife's telling phrase, he is trying out. Further than that, no man knows yet, and a few wise ones would like to know. For Huey Long, Senator from Louisiana, has become a person worth watching. He may have appeared on the national horizon first as a jester, but the jokes of a person who can campaign three votes into the United States Senate command more than casual laughter. From now on there will be people who will be tempted to use the Senator's own words, "I begin to smell a bug under the chip."

Caricature by Sam Berman

The process by which a local boss becomes a national figure is one of the most interesting curiosities in American political life. Election to national office is not always enough to do it. There are several gentlemen in the Senate and many more in the House who, though their names are called daily during the session and their remarks are printed in the *Congressional Record*, command no interest on the part of the country. Their fame begins and ends among the local electorate which sends them to Washington, and though their salaries figure in the national budget, they themselves make no impression on the national consciousness.

There are some whose national reputation is a fiction created by publicity. Others depend on personality. The West is full of them, and the East has its Mayor Walkers. Charming, agile, having an eye for neckties and newspaper men, they captivate imaginations, and as long as the sun shines they are popular idols.

A much smaller group of public men has ability, personality, and publicity value. These the country may hate, laugh at, or even love, but it does not disregard them and it does not keep them in their place. It is becoming increasingly apparent that of these notable few is Huey Long.

A short time ago he stood before a sub-committee of the United States Senate meeting in New Orleans to look into the matter of an election. Edwin Broussard, Senator from Louisiana since 1921, had been defeated in the Democratic primaries by John Overton. That meant, in a one-party state like Louisiana, that

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Overton would go to the Senate, but Broussard was smarting under defeat and had no intention of letting him go quietly. He wired the Senate Committee that complaints had reached him charging that "fraud and corruption had been practiced on a large scale throughout Louisiana on September 13th last," and asked for an investigation. Two Senators went down to hold a preliminary hearing, and before them appeared an indignant citizens' committee, the defeated Broussard, the victorious Overton, and Huey Long.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the whole hearing was the fact that no one thought there was anything strange in the way Long dominated it. He did all the explaining, much of the counter-charging, and most of the speaking. It might have been his own election that was under suspicion, so completely did he soak up the spotlight. Former Governor, present Senator, he appeared there as attorney for his friend John Overton. That was the fact. The impression conveyed was that the boss of Louisiana was telling the United States Senate that he was quite capable of running his own affairs, and that it needn't worry its head about details. He would see that the records were all perfectly legal.

Huey Long is not a tall man, but in the white linen of New Orleans warm weather he looms. His dark red curly hair gets mussed, his freckled face flushes, his red-brown eyes shoot sparks. It is probable that his elbows are not double-jointed, but he has a way of flinging his arm backward that would do credit to a contortionist. His body is awkward and badly proportioned, but his gestures are as quick as they are ungainly. He rocks on his heels, thrusts his stomach out and threatens his opponent with it. He jams a fist down into a calf-bound book. He hunches his shoulders, lowers his head, and weaves back and forth like an angry bull.

To confuse the issue, to bury criticisms under a flood of words, to destroy charges by attacking the integrity of the charger, to draw the enemy's fire away from the main point by a sudden spectacular sortie — these are tactics he understands very well. Nor are the verbal equivalents of biting, kicking, and gouging barred from his repertory. He refuses to comprehend, becomes indignant, injured, appealing. His instinctive method of defense is to attack. Always he puts on a good show.

But there is more here than just a good show. It was not just because he was a good showman that Huey Long told the committee, "Say the word and I'll telephone the sheriff of St. Bernard Parish to bring those ballot boxes right down. Have 'em here in half an hour and count the ballots right here in front of you gentlemen." He wasted neither time nor words thinking perhaps he could arrange with the sheriff. He knew he could. He gets things done, and done quickly. With him, to think is to act.

That is at once his strength and his weakness. It is also the most striking and perhaps the least known of all his picturesque characteristics. To the casual reader of headlines he seems a charlatan, a demagogue, a small town clown, one of those bizarre political figures over which the West roars and the East makes wisecracks. But that is because green pyjamas and pot likker make so much better reading than statistics of road building.

Demagogue he may be, evangelist of a dubious economy, the Billy Sunday of politics, a ranter and an exhorter, a hard-shell Baptist and a roaring good fellow all tied up in one bundle. But he does not make idle promises. He said he was going to reduce illiteracy in Louisiana and he did — it fell 9.4% in ten years. He said he was going to lift Louisiana traffic up out of the mire, and he started twelve bridges and 8500 miles of road. That all this cost a great deal of money, and that his enemies said it cost much more than was necessary and hinted that the rest went into his pocket, was beside the point. He had not promised to do it for nothing.

His own state knows all this, and if he carries out the promise he made last summer the rest of the country will learn it, or its equivalent, in national terms. He said at a banquet: "I've done all I can for Louisiana; now I want to help the rest of the country." Judging by his past performances, it might be well for the rest of the country to accept his words at their face value and watch what he does next, lest they find themselves helped willy-nilly to something they do not want.

Up from Nothing

THE THEME of his life is action, and his saga follows the main current of America's favorite success stories. He is already the poor boy who became rich. It is too early to say

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that he will not also be the poor boy who became President.

He was born thirty-nine years ago on a red earth farm in north central Louisiana. "Poor land," he says of it, "hard to farm. Wasn't alluvial, wasn't timbered, wasn't anything. Just hard work." He was one of six children whose ancestry was Pennsylvania Dutch, with some Welsh, some Irish, some French. His early years on the farm have been told and retold until one can only guess from the aspect of the man how much truth there is under the romanticized picture. He says that the first job he remembers was planting sweet potato slips in the plowed red hillside. He cut and hauled wood, hunted hogs. He speaks with a shiver of living on blackstrap molasses and corn pone, and adds hastily, "We had a little better food than that most of the time." One guesses that he was a tumultuous, red-headed insurgent in a crowded farmhouse, that he fought with his brothers and sisters, that life was a dirty, harried, noisy affair in which nobody had much time for table manners and fine points of etiquette.

Who's Who credits him with graduating from the Winnfield High School, but when he did it, in view of the years and the jobs he claims to have held, is a matter difficult to determine. At one time he was a waiter in the local hotel. At thirteen he peddled books for a country auctioneer. At sixteen he went to work in New Orleans as a house-to-house canvasser selling Gold Dust for cleaning sinks, and Cottolene to take the place of lard in baking cakes.

This was the famous job that brought him his bride. One of his duties was to promote cake-baking contests in order to prove to housewives the excellence of his lard substitute. In Shreveport a very young lady named Rose McConnell won the contest with a Bride Cake, and two years later won as a supplementary prize the young salesman himself. But that was after he had worked in produce fields, sold vegetables in Houston and Oklahoma City, attended a law course at the University of Oklahoma. "I didn't learn much law there," he admits. "Too much excitement, all those gambling houses and everything."

He was only nineteen when he married his lady of the Bride Cake, and a year later he enrolled in Tulane as a special student to study law. The legend says he borrowed $450 and sent his bride home to her people in order to do it, but he claims rather indignantly to have saved $400 of his own.

He was a bumptious student, an awkward country boy who wanted to be into everything, who was more assertive than popular. Even then he had a passion for politics. He ran for every class office, and lost. Then having, as they thought, put him firmly in his place, his classmates created the office of doorkeeper and gravely elected to it the aspiring young politician. One of them remembers that the joke was rather spoiled by the fact that Huey didn't recognize it as a joke. He still has his own ideas as to what constitutes humor.

The regular course takes three years, but such was his fury of ambition that in eight months he had crammed enough law into his red head to pass his bar examinations. That law degree, granted in 1915, was the passport to the magical world of public advancement. He became attorney and professional politician simultaneously, made his first speech for John Overton who even then was running for the United States Senate, failed to elect his man. He took every kind of case that came his way, spoke every time anyone would let him speak, does not remember having stage fright.

At the advanced age of twenty-five he made his entry into state politics by getting himself elected Railroad Commissioner. What he knew about railroading to begin with no one, not even he, remembers, but he was a brash young man, and made noise enough to convince the electorate that he should have the job. Once in it, he inflicted considerable mental anguish on fellow commissioners of a gentler fiber. He had a way of marching on New York and demanding that railroad presidents be summoned from their Long Island estates on sacred Saturday mornings. "Tell him Huey Long wants to see him," he would roar at secretaries. "And if he doesn't come hopping, by God I'll show him whether he's got any interest in Louisiana or not. I'll throw his damn railroad out of the state." And the joke of that story is that they came.

After three years of that, the legislature tried to impeach him. "It was pretty serious for me," Long admits soberly. "Luckily the legislature didn't know quite how to proceed. They hadn't ever impeached a Railroad Commissioner. Finally they hit on the scheme of

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having a committee of the House prefer the charges, and then they got to discussing ways and means of going about it. I didn't know what was going to happen, but I was standing right there all the time, over against the wall. Finally I called a guy over — friend of mine — and told him to suggest that they fire the whole Commission, and re-elect 'em all. Give the people a chance to decide. He passed the word along to another fellow, told him to suggest it to the committee. All this was very secret, you understand. And then one of these dadgummed committeemen said out loud, 'But Long's the only one of the bunch that would be re-elected.' So then I had 'em. Right there. Try to impeach me and then admit I was the only one who could be re-elected!"

Did the Senator know ahead of time how he was going to work it out?

"Know? Of course I didn't know. I had no idea. But I know enough to recognize a break when I see it. It ain't enough to get the breaks. You gotta know how to use 'em. Gotta know how to ride 'em. Take the other time I was pretty near impeached — they tried to get me twice, you know. Once when I was Railroad Commissioner and once when I was Governor. . . ."

Gubernatorial Fireworks

He did not always get the breaks. He insists that he is a man without personal ambition, but the fact remains that the moment he was thirty years old and thereby eligible he "announced for governor." He lost that election. But he had been elected to the Public Service Commission directly after his near impeachment, and he continued in that job until 1928. Then he ran for the governorship again, and this time was elected by the biggest majority ever given in Louisiana.

And then things began to happen. He was in office only one four-year term, but the tale of it as told in local headlines and his own words is full of battle and plunder and sudden raid. His inauguration took place on May 21, 1928. On May 22 he fired forty-two highway employees. On May 29 he fired the head of the Board of Health. He had 600,000 new textbooks printed and distributed, and bluffed the bankers into lending him money to pay for them. His friends gave him a new auto. He tore down the gracious old pre-Civil War executive mansion because of "the damn rats. There were too many clocks in the place. They kept me awake. You know how it is. I tried to make 'em all strike together. Then the rats would get into 'em and I'd lay awake listening to 'em. So one morning I phoned the warden to send me over a hundred trusties."

The trusties took the house to pieces before the State knew what was happening, and then Long had appropriations passed for a new one "with White House features." He was charged with having twenty-five members of his family on the state pay roll. He had the old military Gothic statehouse torn down and a modern skyscraper Capitol built at a cost of five million. He advised women to eat turnip greens for their complexions. He fired seventy-three employees of the Dock Board and had them replaced with his own men. He waged a campaign against illiteracy and refused to wage one for eradicating ticks. He called his opponents "pie-eating sons of buzzards." Loyola gave him an LL.D.

Impeachment charges were filed and quashed. More roads were built than Louisiana had seen in years. Twelve bridges were planned. The state university got a million and a half dollar medical school. The bonded debt shot up, and Long's opponents complained that their property assessments were increased beyond all reason and with no redress. The State was in a continual uproar, but things got done.

In 1930, after he had been Governor two years, he ran for the United States Senate. It was, he claimed, a test. If he was defeated he would immediately resign as Governor and admit that the people did not longer want him in office. If, on the other hand, he was elected, he would regard it as a vindication of his good name and an endorsement of all his policies. It was his favorite tactic of taking things to the people.

He was elected by an enormous majority, and for fourteen months more he stayed in Louisiana, withstanding the constant fire of an ambitious and embittered Lieutenant Governor who desired to step into his shoes. He was safeguarding his good roads program, stopping up the chinks in his political walls, putting the final touches on his political machine.

Not until January, 1932, did he go to Washington to take his seat in the Senate. His term as Governor would not be officially ended

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until his successor, who had been his right-hand man and who bore the significant name of O. K. Allen, was inaugurated in May, but he dared not wait longer. Already complaints about his holding two jobs were before the Senate, and the risk that he would lose his seat was too great. He put the state capitol and the executive mansion under martial law, and took the train for Washington.

Up there, he explained that he had been too busy settling affairs at home to come sooner. The Senate was not amused. He was given the oath of office, but the atmosphere was chilly. Nor did he do much to enliven it. Newspaper men looked hopefully for a pyjama parade or a pot likker contest on the steps of the Capitol, but the monkey showed no signs of running up the stick. He would disappear for a week or so, and Louisiana papers would report his coming home to curse out the legislature and order the new Governor around. Then he would reappear on the floor of the Senate, comment on the sartorial perfections of J. Ham Lewis, wander up and down the chamber in impeccable brown tweeds, a bright red necktie, a handkerchief regrettably on the pink side.

Four things happened during that session which, in the illuminating light that the present always sheds on the past, appear as channel buoys staked out to mark the future Long course. The senior Senator from his own state, Edwin Broussard, refused to present him to the presiding officer when the oath was administered, and he had to accept that courtesy from a neighbor. He made a speech setting forth his remedy for the present maldistribution of wealth. He quarreled with Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic floor leader, and resigned all his committee appointments. He sat beside Senator Hattie Caraway.

By and large, his novitiate in the national political arena was a peaceful one for so pugnacious a novice. But the peace lasted no longer than the session. Then he set about squaring accounts. Robinson and Broussard had insulted him. Hattie Caraway had been nice to him. Sitting there quiet as a mouse in her little black dress with the little black shawl over her shoulders, she probably reminded him of his boyhood Sunday School teacher. She said he reminded her of the neighborhood bad boy who just needed a little proper handling to turn into a splendid fellow. Her re-election was in danger. It was not part of the plans of the Arkansas powers as represented by Robinson that she should come back. So Huey Long cranked up his trusty trucks, tuned their loud-speakers, and rumbled out across the state line to do battle for a lady in a tournament whose prize was $10,000 a year and free franking privileges.

He won the tournament, tossed the golden apple into Hattie Caraway's lap. He said that there were no strings tied to it. "I went down there to get a bunch of pot-bellied politicians off that little woman's neck," he declared, but it was no secret that in so doing he had rubbed in the dust the face of the Democratic floor leader with whom he had quarreled.

Full of victory and conscious virtue, he came home again, sprayed his throat, had his sound trucks cleaned and tuned, set out to cancel one more grudge. The stiff-necked Broussard who had been rude to him in Washington was running for a third Senatorial term. He decided that his old friend John Overton would be much more satisfactory there. For three weeks he went shouting about Louisiana, and the final count showed Overton winner by 56,000 votes.

Demagogue par Excellence

That, with a few speeches delivered for the Democratic party's Presidential candidate, is his record up to date. He has had fourteen years of intensive political experience, four of them as the most effective Governor the State of Louisiana has ever known. The son of a poor Baptist farmer, he is at thirty-nine a man of substance and power, still married to his boyhood sweetheart, father of three children, owner of a great house on New Orleans' finest street, possessor of a seat in the United States Senate and responsible for the existence there of two votes besides his own.

In arriving at that eminence he has built up, or been saddled with, a reputation which is fantastic. His enemies, among whom are some of the most intelligent people in the state, accuse him openly of almost every crime on the calendar, including personal and mass bribery, intimidation, kidnaping, and attempt to have an opponent murdered. He is almost the only person who will deny that he holds the State of Louisiana in the hollow of his hand, controlling all major offices, and able to secure a

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majority vote of the electorate when and as he wants it.

Personally, he combines native country crudeness with a marked liking for the more expensive refinements of life. Full of raw, lusty vigor, he dresses with an air, and walks with a swagger. There is something Gargantuan about his simplicities, when he chooses to be simple. He eats as if he were stoking an engine, spits with tremendous gusto, roars with laughter and slaps a fat knee. He sits by preference in his shirt sleeves — beautiful white shirts of finest fabric with a restrained blue monogram embroidered on one sleeve.

It is obvious that in so far as practical affairs are concerned he has more than made up for the scantiness of his formal education, but mentally, and in that vague realm called culture, there are still great gaps. He has been too busy getting things done to do much reading, much trotting to museums, any foreign traveling. He is fond of simple poetry, of singing in congenial company, of leading the Louisiana State University band at football games.

His English is crisp and picturesque and, in private conversation, frequently profane unless he is talking to someone he deems a lady. Then he changes "God-damned" to "dad-gummed." He boasts of being able to "talk country," and there is endless material for colorful quotation in any speech. On the other hand, he is capable of clear, straight argument, unstained by profanity or even by slang. In that mood his pronunciation is incisive, and while he may trip on a word or confuse a sound, he is far from being the loud-mouthed blatherskite of his cartoons. There are times when one suspects that the gentle Mrs. Caraway may be right, that he just needs proper handling.

For the nation, his greatest promise and his greatest menace lie in his proven ability to get things done. Instinctively he would rather get things done that are for the common good, but his knowledge is limited and once he gets past such simple and obvious needs as roads and schoolbooks he is likely to wander, catching at a phrase here or an idea there, seeking with all that tremendous energy for something concrete to accomplish, something to get his teeth into. His own scheme for the redistribution of wealth, that fourth marker on the Long course, or, to change the figure, the bit of suet he is trying out in the frying pan of national politics, is the sort of thing that goes very well from soapboxes.

"Nine lines all written out in the book," he says. "No income more than a million dollars, no child to inherit more than five million. Everything over that to go to the government. Why say, there wouldn't be any more worrying over deficits. They'd have a surplus." But somehow his tone lacks conviction. He roared that program out all over Arkansas and received great acclaim, but in private conversation he does not sound quite so sure. He is too intelligent to expect immortality for that. So far, his ambition and his own shrewd sense have kept him out of the hands of others who are persuasive with panaceas.

It is possible to ask Huey Long anything. He will always reply, though sometimes with more words than meaning. Whether you choose to believe him or not is your own affair. Sometimes he will hedge, sometimes he will roar, often he will explain reasonably and clearly, with a quick cogency, a grasp of the essential factors, the picturesque detail. If you manage to get him on the defensive he is more likely to recover the advantage by tripping you up than by defending a besieged position. It is not easy to catch him offguard, but there was something about one question that drew fire. It was admittedly an impertinent question.

Would the Senator consider a Cabinet position if it were offered?

"No, sir!" It was as if a dentist's probe had passed too close to a nerve.

"When I left my last job — I never could decide whether I was fired from it or left it; I think the truth was I was fired from it while I was on the way to leaving it — I decided that I'd accept no other job from any other living man. I'd be in no position again where I had to say 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir.' I accept no job except at the hands of the people."

But that left him only one more goal to make, namely the Presidency.

"Then I'm stopped," he conceded promptly. But there was no real conviction in his tone, and the red-brown eyes began to laugh.

His questioner persisted. It seemed a pity. No more worlds to conquer. He and Alexander in the same boat.

"Oh, but I'm smarter than Alexander! Now lemme tell you where that guy made his mistake. . . ."

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SUICIDE—*A Debate*

I—A Man's Life Is His Own Affair

by **FRANK C. CROSS**

SUICIDE is pre-eminently a man's affair. According to official death statistics more than three times as many men as women resort to self-destruction each year, and among cases past forty-five years of age the ratio mounts to approximately six to one. What is the explanation? Does the greater proneness of men to commit suicide indicate a more frequent occurrence of weakness in the male sex? I believe it indicates precisely the contrary—strength; the ability to analyze life's purpose and value with a logical and dispassionate mind.

Jersey Banker Dies by Gas in H:
Dentist Found Dead Beneath
Guest at Hotel Hangs Himself From His Door
Wife Dead and Job Gone, He Pens Poem, Kills Self
Harvard Graduate Leaps to His Death
Nine Stories to His Death
Suicide in Albany
Leap Off Ferry Fatal to Widow Of Two Weeks
Suicide's Note Calls Act Only Honorable Way
Dies in 13-Story Leap To Aid Forgotten Man
Realty Broker Ends Life
Special to the Herald Tribune
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Gustav H. Welchert, sixty-one years old, a real estate broker, was found dead this afternoon in the kitchen of the club room of the Exempt Firemen in the City Hall. His head was inside the
Christmas Dreary, Kills Self
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18 (AP).—Harold Estabrook, unemployed for two years, discussed with his wife, Anna, today what to do about Christmas gifts for their two children, Grace, seven years old, and George five. "Better take them to the Sunday school entertainment," he told his wife. When

Down through the ages the superior type of man has schooled himself to the idea that life without honor is valueless. He has lifted up as indispensable to honor, courage and the willingness to sacrifice self in the interest of his fellows. When enemies have threatened the tribe, or nation, to which he belonged, he has always gone forth to face them. He has been, voluntarily, the last to leave the sinking ship, the burning building. Life, for him, has been a possession to be cherished only as it enabled him to serve an honorable purpose.

Woman, on the other hand, has been protected and sheltered until she has come to attach an undue importance to life and its prolongation. She has come to feel that it holds some intrinsic value aside from any real usefulness pertaining to it.

I do not state these facts to establish the superiority of my sex, but to explain why the average man of intelligence has an advantage over the average woman of intelligence in weighing the relative desirability of life and death.

The majority of arguments against self-destruction are of a very sentimental and fatuous nature. It is maintained, for example, that most suicides are either psychotic or neurotic, and hence, by some strange process of reasoning, deplorable. Why is it deplorable for an insane person to make away with himself? The commonest mental disturbance to lead to suicide is melancholia, or manic depressive insanity. It is an intermittent affliction, in its usual form, from which permanent recovery is extremely rare. At first the attacks of despondency which characterize it may be separated by hopefully long periods of normal behavior, but in the typical case these periods become progressively shorter until the victim enters a state of chronic derangement.

The second most common form of insanity to incite self-destruction is dementia praecox, or paranoia — a condition which mental hygienists consider invariably incurable. In the same category, with respect to incurability, are alcoholic and syphilitic insanity, which are also accompanied by the suicidal impulse in a good many instances.

If recovery from any type of insanity which frequently leads to suicide were at all common, there would be some reason to deplore the self-inflicted death of a victim. Almost without ex-

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ception, however, he is doomed to be a lifelong burden to himself and upon those who care for him. Death is his only escape. The popular solicitude for preserving his life through years of mental anguish can have no possible justification, it seems to me, aside from sheer sentimentalism.

I am much less concerned, however, by the suicide of the insane than by the suicide of normal beings. The normal man who chooses death by his own hand usually belongs to the upper ranges of society. He is intelligent, courageous, and honorable, despite general propaganda to the contrary. This assertion is based not on opinion but on factual evidence.

His intelligence might be competently defended on purely philosophical grounds, but statistics are more convincing for the average mind. There is very little suicide among the more ignorant races. The highest rate in the world is found among the Germanic nations, which are notably superior in scientific thinking; and next in order come the English and Scandinavian countries.

In our own United States, which occupies an intermediate position, official death statistics throw no light on the social or economic status of suicides; but they do reveal that the rate among Negroes is barely one-third the rate among whites. Much better evidence as to the superior intelligence of the normal self-destroyer, however, is offered by the official statistics of England, which show a much higher rate among the professional classes — physicians, dentists, barristers, and solicitors, especially — than among uneducated laborers and tradesmen.

The courage of the normal suicide cannot, of course, be proved by any recourse to statistics. Indeed it seems absurd to me that there should be any call to prove it. Death is the supreme terror of mankind. We acclaim the man a transcendental hero who calmly contemplates it, especially in violent form, under any circumstances whatsoever not involving personal choice for personal considerations. Only the suicide is a coward. Bah! This preposterous credo is simply an invention to justify the human pack, as a whole, in clinging to life. It is a salve for the self-respect of the man who toys with the thought of self-destruction, but lacks the guts to carry through with it. He comforts himself with the delusion that life, no matter how futile or burdensome it may be, is the braver course. What a pathetic philosophy!

Equally preposterous is the credo that suicide is dishonorable. The right to die is as inherent as the right to live. Neither one, of course, implies the right to shirk responsibilities, or to interfere with the happiness of others. There is a common fiction that suicide is usually an unfair act which forces some other person, or persons, to shoulder the burden which the self-destroyer seeks to escape. As a matter of fact, however, few forms of death so seldom shift a responsibility. The man who resorts to suicide almost never leaves a burden which he could carry himself. Either it goes with him to the grave, or else by his act he lightens it for others who would have had to accept it, even though he continued living. The shirk does not choose death as an escape. He runs away.

In very many instances the suicide is a burden rather than a burden carrier, or he believes himself about to become one. Frequently he suffers from some incurable illness. It is fatuous to argue that he may be wrong about it — that his ailment may have been incorrectly diagnosed, or that a new cure for it may be discovered to-morrow. Such a forlorn hope has little appeal to a mind of intelligence.

The case for euthanasia has been recognized so definitely by the medical profession in recent years that a virtual movement is now under way to encourage more rational thought on the subject. Indeed there seems to be real justification for the hope that another generation may witness the disappearance of the inhumane custom which denies the sufferer from an incurable malady the right to a peaceful death.

Suicide almost invariably represents escape from an intolerable situation. Illness is very often at the roots of it, but not always. Complications of love and honor also figure as an important cause. Perhaps the victim believes he stands in the way of the happiness of someone whom he loves; perhaps he has committed an indiscretion in a moment of infatuation and feels that he has brought unpardonable disgrace upon himself. Such suicides reveal a devotion to honor which is hardly comprehensible to the average person.

A third cause of self-destruction, particularly in public consciousness at the present time, arises out of economic difficulties. The

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suicide rate varies inversely with the business cycle. When times are hard and business activity decreases, suicides increase. At first consideration the self-inflicted death of a man who has suffered economic reverses seems needless and irrational. Hard times always pass. Why doesn't he buck up courage to retrieve his losses with the return of prosperity?

This common thesis ignores one of the most important facts to do with suicide for economic reasons. The man who kills himself because of financial losses or unemployment is, almost without exception, past three-score years of age. He is too old to rehabilitate himself. His usefulness is ended. In many cases death offers the only avenue whereby he can escape dependency. Why should he cling to the few sterile years that normally remain to him?

Much of the popular aversion to suicide is based on false information. There is a common belief, for example, that many young people kill themselves in fits of jealousy or despondency over temporary frustrations. A few such suicides do occur, but extremely few. The very rarity of youthful self-destruction is what centers attention on it. Scores of adult suicides hardly achieve a paragraph mention in the press, but the suicide of a boy or girl is blazoned across the front page of all the newspapers.

I believe that there is a close analogy between the public attitudes on suicide and on birth control. Both of them originated in the desire of tribal leaders to build and maintain military strength. A depletion of population meant danger of subjugation or extermination at the hands of an enemy. Thus, in course of time, the nation and its ally, the church, combined to establish a strong tabu against any practice that tended to limit or reduce potential man power.

The indiscriminate condemnation of suicide is a relic of medievalism. It has no place in the philosophy of a civilization that pretends to recognize the rights of humanity. I do not pretend to say, of course, that there is not an occasional case of unjustifiable, or even wicked, self-destruction, but moral laws should not be built of exceptions. Almost every act of man may be wrong under certain circumstances.

There was a time, not many years ago, when public sentiment frowned on the right of any person to accept anæsthesia to relieve physical agony. Happily that barbarous stand has now been abandoned. How long will it be before we abandon the equally barbarous stand against the right of the unfortunate man or woman who has been crushed beneath the wheels of life, to seek the relief afforded by the grave?

II — Suicide Is Never Justified

by MARIAN J. CASTLE

LIFE is a woman's job. Perhaps that is why I do not believe in suicide. I have an instinctive antipathy toward it — an antipathy stronger than my logic and as old as my sex. Women have always valued life for its own sake. We gestate it, we nurture it, we rear it. We hover over its sickbed when it is grown, we minister to it when it is old. We are preoccupied with life and the living. We leave war and capital punishment and suicide to our men.

There must be some basal reason why, among all ages, three times as many men as women commit suicide; and why, in the last decades of life, seven times as many men as women end their own lives. Apologists for suicide maintain that this disproportionately large number of men kill themselves because they are braver than women, more accustomed to facing danger and to taking risks. But I wonder! In fact, I seriously doubt whether even the most heroic of men would hesitate long if given his choice between being wounded in battle and having a baby.

No, I do not believe it is lack of courage which holds women back from self-destruction; I think the real reason is that their very preoccupation with life keeps their thoughts turned outward. It is hard to be an introvert with a

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husband and several children demanding love and comfort and sock-darning and dish-washing. That is why women are more adaptable than men; more hopeful and, at the same time, more resigned. A woman "manages" with what she has; with the disabilities of being a woman, child-bearing, child-rearing; with her husband's income, his social position, his house; with the town she must live in, and the clothes she must wear. Always she "manages." She plants window boxes when the porch needs painting, and covers the spot on the rug with a footstool, and makes over Aunt Harriet's bombazine for little Harriet, and mixes veal with the chicken salad.

We women do the same thing with life, too. We take a shabby, threadbare life; we make it over and touch it up, until the effect is often very pleasant, even though, underneath, it still remains the same dull little life we started with.

Business reverses? We thread up the sewing machine, and bring the fruit jars from the cellar, and order chuck roast in place of rolled-rib.

An unfaithful spouse? We weep a little, and then congratulate ourselves that Geraldine's hair is naturally curly, and accept the chairmanship of the social committee.

A thwarted career? We sigh, perhaps, as we give up our singing lessons, but we warble gallantly in the church choir; and when we notice the baby beginning to beat time to music, we start saving up for a grand piano.

We may not be capable of genius or of overwhelming success — men frequently tell us so — but we are compensated by our ability to substitute, to compromise, to "manage." And by our unwillingness to concede that life is beyond our fixing, that no course remains open to us but the tragic one of defeat and retreat — suicide.

However, in spite of my instinctive aversion to suicide, I should yield it a reluctant respect if I thought it the expression of heroic courage or heroic despair. But I do not believe it to be either. From my observations, I've concluded that suicide is, rather, the final retort of the egotistical, of the maladjusted, of the ingrowing mind.

Those who would justify suicide make out a strange case for it when they say that because the upper classes resort to it in the greatest numbers, then it must accordingly be an admirable act. In other words, because an educated individual chooses to debase his leisure and his security to become an egotist and a neurasthenic until in a final burst of inadequacy he destroys himself, then that self-destruction must be commendable. I cannot agree. In fact, that is why I am unalterably opposed to suicide. Because it is usually only the ultimate recourse of the pampered for dodging reality and responsibility. And because the people who may be said to have real cause — who are *entitled* to commit suicide, seldom do so.

For, in spite of occasional newspaper accounts, the fatally ill rarely kill themselves. Rather, it is the neurasthenics and the hypochondriacs who are fear-goaded into suicide.

Likewise, the tragically poor, as a class, plod along to the end of their days — sometimes starving to death, but seldom taking their own lives. Suicide is a white-collared tendency, according to statistics.

Suicide is also only infrequently a protest against unbearable social and economic oppression. Jews, in whatever nation you find them, almost never commit suicide. And likewise, suicide is practically unknown among American Negroes, and the savage races.

Neither is suicide, as most of us believe, the result of isolation and human loneliness. The sheepherder, the prospector, the dry-rancher are not the ones who resort to suicide. Suicide is a protest issuing from crowds. In fact, the larger the city, the higher becomes — not only the suicide total — but the suicide *rate*.

Obviously, as far as whole classes of people are concerned, suicide is the result of a state of mind, rather than a set of conditions.

I think the same thing is true of the individual. Suicide is the result of a state of mind, rather than of a set of conditions. And here again my woman's instinct for hoping, for making over, for enduring, recoils from any rationalization of suicide. It is too final. There can be no second chance, no clean page to write on, no retrial of the case. It is simply — The End.

I remember a certain man in our town who was ill of a lingering disease which had been diagnosed as cancer. He was a person of intellect, able to view himself objectively. He started an argument in the newspapers about

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his right to euthanasia, or the humane ending of his suffering through death. The papers debated. The church delivered its dictum. The people wrote letters. At last the argument died down. But the patient lived. A year later he admitted delightedly to reporters that he guessed the doctors must have been wrong. He is a well man to-day, useful, happy.

But suppose it *had* been cancer. There are new developments in surgery technique, new facts, new discoveries, being heralded every day. Who knows but a week after the bichloride of mercury had done its work, some obscure scientist in some obscure spot on the globe might not lift his eyes from his microscope or his test tube, and announce a cure?

I recall another man — poor mistaken soul — who killed himself, following his bankruptcy, in order that his family might get his heavy insurance. He actually thought that money could repay them for the blight he put on their lives. As a result, his wife, who had been cheerfully ready to go to the county hospital for her operation, had a private room and a private nurse — and a broken heart. His boy, who had whistlingly managed a paper route outside of school hours, acquired leisure and a cigarette lighter. And his daughter, who had planned to clerk in a department store to earn her tuition, went to college a year sooner and succeeded in making a "good" sorority that enabled her to look down on all girls who worked in department stores.

What that man needed to learn was all the things his insurance money could not buy for his family.

Once there was a banker in our town, a man greatly trusted, who betrayed that trust and then committed suicide to "save his honor." As if a soldier, facing court martial, could save his honor by deserting!

Love suicides are much like honor suicides. They are really self-love suicides. The injured pride of the egotist is always the underlying motive — never love. For real love forgets self.

Of especial interest to-day are the depression suicides. They do occur in great numbers. The rates last year were the highest since 1908 — another post-panic year. But most of these people who killed themselves were not really the victims of depression; they were the victims of too much earlier prosperity. Men whose grandfathers came over in the steerage and whose mothers pinned shawls about their heads and worked in the fields, committed suicide because they were afraid of overalls and callouses and sweat. Afraid to admit they'd been fools. They had lost face, so they turned to suicide, from which there is no coming back. They made the last melodramatic gesture of the vain and the soft and the inept.

I'm against suicide because I've observed its origins. Stripped of its horror, which gives it a certain stark grandeur, I've watched its motivation starting clear back in childhood. I've seen the baby who cries for what it wants, who holds its breath and turns purple, until at last it gets what it wants, whether it be food or attention. Later, I've seen the child who has a tantrum on the living room floor, who kicks and bites and screams, until harrassed relatives surrender and give it what it wants, whether it be a velocipede or the center of the stage. And still later, I've watched the temperamental adolescent who sulks and runs away from home. He'll show them, he vows, determined to get his own way, to have the spotlight.

Always, throughout approaching maturity, this undisciplined young person avoids the unpleasant by running away from it, and gains the pleasant by fighting for it.

He gets along well enough until he bucks up against life itself. Then the slow and bitter disciplining that should have started when he was a baby begins. Grimly life withholds the pleasant, and offers him the unpleasant. And life *can* be grim, as no parents or teachers or mates know how to be. He suddenly finds that responsibilities weigh on him, that success eludes him, that disease stalks him, that the world ignores him, and that happiness is just beyond his grasp.

It's useless now for him to hold his breath till he turns purple, or have a tantrum, or run away. Nothing gets him what he wants, or pushes aside the thing he doesn't want. Life pays no attention to his antics or his rages.

All right, he'll show them! And his urge toward exhibitionism is fulfilled as he visualizes them dragging the lake for his body, or picking up his remains after he has leaped from a speeding airplane. Dead, he succeeds in making the world notice him as it refused to notice him during his adult life. He is a grown-up baby, having his last tantrum. Suicide!

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Religion *vs.* the World We Live in

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

I

THE CITY in which I live has a daily newspaper called the *Journal of Commerce*. Factually, it gives our LaSalle Street population an exhaustive report of the state of our various markets and other financial interests. Editorially, it specializes in economic heresy hunting. It can ferret out a potential "red" from beneath the most unlikely disguises. One day last June this paper announced that it had uncovered the most dangerous radical of them all — the red who would come closer to upsetting the present social applecart than any Stalin. This most menacing in its extensive list of menacers the *Journal of Commerce* identified as Pope Pius XI.

The cause of this financial newspaper's agitation was, of course, the publication of the papal encyclical, "*Quadrigesimo Anno*." In that document, the Pope sought to express the Catholic position toward contemporary social issues. Looking at his statements as a non-Catholic, I confess that I saw little in them to cause so much alarm among the coupon-clippers. The Pope specifically defended the right of capitalists to unearned income; he held it to be a part of the Divine Will that there should always be divisions between social strata with unequal shares in the products of industry; he laid it down as in accord with the immutable purposes of God that some should live well on the income from inherited capital while others should live not so well on the wages of their labor. What was there in such ideas to make a Chicago editor think that the see of Peter had gone bolshevik?

Obviously nothing. But the trouble was that the Pope also insisted on the right of labor to organize; on the primacy of human welfare over profits; on the right of labor to participate in the management of industry; and that wages should not only be high enough to obviate any need for child or woman labor, but also to make possible the accumulation of property by the worker. Most of all, I suspect, the Chicago editor found cause to shout alarm in the discovery that the Pope regarded the instrument on which all modern society rests — the factory — as an agency for the disintegrating and destruction of character.

"Dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded." This insight of the Pope's, compressed into a single unforgettable sentence, reveals in a sudden flash of light the reasons why Western religion — even when exemplified in a church which regards profit-making and the class division as divinely ordained, and which preaches opposition to Socialism as a religious duty — is rapidly approaching war with the society in which it is embedded. For the factory, as such a religious journal as *The Christian Century* immediately pointed out, is the most characteristic feature of modern society. It involves our whole system of industrial organization. It is built by capital and manned by labor. It makes profits and pays wages. There it stands — the foundation fact in modern Western society! And what does it do? Speaking as viceregent of God, the Pope says: "Dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded!"

The more you think about that verdict, coming from that source, and its implications for religion, with its primary concern for human welfare, the more you begin to believe that maybe the *Journal of Commerce* wasn't so far wrong after all. From the standpoint of our social *status quo*, maybe the Pope *is* a bolshevik! Certainly, as between Western religion and Western society there is growing a tension which cannot be ignored. If, as I showed in a

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previous article (January FORUM), there is today a gathering tensity in the relations between the Western state and Western religion, this is in reality only one aspect of the tension between religion and the whole social order, of which the state is a product and which it is set to protect. For how can religion live at peace in a society based on an institution that corrupts and degrades men?

II

FROM the time when the apostle Paul exhorted his followers — most of whom were his social inferiors, as he found means of reminding them on occasion — to a quiescent acceptance of any social or political status in which they might find themselves, down to the defiance of the bolshevik revolution by the Russian Orthodox church, the weight of the church has unquestionably been cast on the side of social conservatism. Luther exhorting the nobles to slaughter the peasants whose crime it was that they had mistaken his proclamation of spiritual freedom to mean an end of serfdom, is not a pretty sight. But it is in the record, and cannot be ignored.

It cannot, however, justly be charged that Western religion has been indifferent to the welfare of the poor. An enormous amount of philanthropy, which has lessened the bitterness of life for millions, has been carried on by religious organizations or has owed its projection to the working of religious influences. But the most vigorous religious revivals have done little, up to now, to make clear and change the ethical shortcomings of society as a whole. Rather, by encouraging their converts to believe that spiritual satisfaction can be obtained while social conditions remain unremedied, these revivals have worked to make religious people of the West either indifferent to social wrong or acquiescent in it.

As an illustration of the thing I have in mind, consider the Wesleyan revival in England — the greatest "religious awakening" that Anglo-Saxon society has known. It has been the fashion of historians to declare that this revival, which was led by an Oxford don who remained an unbending Tory to the day of his death, saved England from the spread of the French Revolution. Western religion has accounted this an accolade. But is it? The Wesleyan revival reached its maximum simultaneously with the opening of the industrial revolution. If ever there was a time when the need was for a strong championship of the underdog it was then, for those were the days in which the common man in England was being delivered over to the hideousness of the Lancashire mill towns, the brutality of the Yorkshire and Welsh mining pits. A touch of the French Revolution might have done much to save Britain from those things. But the Wesleyan revival, instead of pushing things in this direction, brought into being a race of mill foremen, pit owners, shopkeepers, and other recruits to the *status quo* who went about praising God for having brought them out of the darkness of the lower orders into the marvelous light of the middle class.

For fear lest all this sounds far away and long ago, regard the current religious revival commonly known as Buchmanism. Here is a movement that is being hailed in wide sections of the religious world as the hope of a new access of vigor to the churches. It may turn out that this is the case. But it should be noticed that Mr. Buchman shows little more concern for the wider social issues than did Luther four hundred years ago or Wesley in the eighteenth century. His converts, on the contrary, are conspicuously people of the sort who have benefited most by the special privileges conferred on the lucky few from the inequities of the present social order, and there is as yet no proof that the "conversion" of these people involves them in any radical tension with the injustice out of which their comfort springs.

So well-defined, in fact, has been this tendency of religion not to disturb the calm of society that where religion has not been working among people already in a secure social position, or has not been able to promote its devotees up the social ladder a few rungs, it has generally fallen back on that species of escape-religion known as apocalypticism. It is easy enough for the sort of congregations who worship in hundred-thousand-dollar structures to sniff at the crude millenialisms of the out-at-elbows farm and factory hands who frequent the Little Bethels, but if it were not for the gorgeous fantasies of the luxuries to be experienced "on the other side of Jordan" or after the return of Christ, most religion would have nothing compelling to offer these poor souls. It is noticeable that, in addition to the

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crowns and general auriferous surroundings, about all that religion has tried to hold up before these poor devils is the promise that the day will come when they will get some rest.

III

I MUST dismiss past history thus summarily because its main importance, for our present purpose, lies in the contrast between the social quiescence of the past and the present growing tension. For while it is true that it is still possible to carry on a revival movement like Buchmanism without much regard for the immoralities of society, and while tens of thousands of churches continue to function as if social environment had nothing to do with the spiritual welfare of their constituents, Western religion in its best expressions is well aware that something must be done to change society if its own purposes are to be achieved. The Pope is not a lone voice in the wilderness. There is, for example, scarcely a theological seminary north of the Mason and Dixon line in this country that does not sustain, under some name, a department of social criticism. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has a department of social service and another of research, both of which constantly involve that body in action concerning such "religious" matters as the 12-hour day in the steel industry, the condition of coal miners in Kentucky, and the provision of unemployment insurance. A similar division of the National Catholic Welfare Conference functions in the same way in behalf of the Roman Catholic church. The Central Conference of American Rabbis acts in similar matters on behalf of the liberal Jewish congregations.

I cannot resist the temptation to digress slightly here to point out the significance of the three occasions on which the three bodies just named have been able to engage in united action. The first concerned the 12-hour day in the steel industry; the second the fracas between the American Legion and the I.W.W. at Centralia, Washington, and the third the united demand for federal action to relieve unemployment, issued in January last year. To those looking for straws in the wind, let me recommend a careful study of this latter document. For there it will be found that these apparently irreconcilable religious groups — Protestants, Catholics, and Jews — have been able to unite on a program that affirms "belief in the necessity of a more equitable distribution of wealth and income," and declares that such a distribution "should be incorporated in any form of national planning and control." If all other evidence of the tension between Western religion and society were lacking, this instance of the ability of social maladjustments to force an alliance of organizations which still, in their dogmatic formulations, regard each other as without the pale, would be enough to prove the importance of the problem with which we are here dealing.

Long before the depression brought a general disillusion with the Western social order, a vast restlessness and desire for social change in some form made itself felt throughout great portions of the clergy. It was not only that these ministers were no longer content to be chaplains to the rich or dispensers of bounty to the poor; they were no longer willing to regard as ordained of God a society divided between rich and poor. They had become convinced that the methods of profit-seeking which have obtained in the struggle for wealth have produced a social environment in which the full observance of the requirements of religion becomes impossible. To save space, let me simply quote a leader in American church life, Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle.

"As things are now," says Dr. Tittle, "we cannot love our neighbors as ourselves. . . . Although to-day there is more than enough bread to go around, it is not going around and, apparently, cannot be made to go around in the economic system which we now have — a fact which condemns our present system far more severely than do the bitterest words of its bitterest critics. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: that according to Jesus — and according to history! — is one of the most important and imperative words that ever proceeded out of the mouth of God. And to-day we cannot obey it, even those of us who are eager to do so. We find ourselves entrapped in a system which makes it impossible for us to obey it. But obey it we must. My own conviction is that obedience means *recovery*, and that disobedience means *revolution*. The second commandment, then, is this: Thou shalt build an economic system and a social order in which it shall be possible for people to love their neighbors as themselves."

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IV

BUT WHY, it will be asked, has this tension developed between Western religion and Western society? The answer is at least three-sided.

In the first place, we have here again to reckon with the results of the historical study of Jesus. In my previous article I said so much about this that I do not need to describe again the general process of scholarship that is involved. Without attempting to hang more importance on the text of disputed statements attributed to Jesus than they can be made to bear, it certainly is fair to claim that if the gospels give any one clear biographical note it is that of a man terrorized by the spiritual ruin caused by the pursuit and possession of wealth. He saw man's personal religious problem reduced, in most cases, to a decision regarding the gaining of money.

The truth is that Western religion, if it is to persist in its claim of derivation from Jesus, is plagued with a Founder who saw in accumulation a means of imperiling one's own soul. At this point the conclusion of Jesus seems to have been substantially that of St. Francis and Gandhi, namely, that any possessions involve so much brutality, either in the acquiring or in their protection, that the only safe course for a man to pursue — safe, that is, from a religious point of view — is to adopt voluntary poverty. I do not state the position to approve it. I state it to be sure that it is understood. Its irreconcilable relation to Western society needs no exposition. But before it is dismissed as the aberration of an ascetic, fairness compels acknowledgment of the truth of the contention. Whose income, in the Western world, has no taint of exploitation on it? Mr. Stuart Chase enumerates twenty-one possible ways to gain wealth, of which the sixteen most used are all pursued at the expense of society as a whole!

The convictions and example of Jesus must therefore be regarded as contributing to the tension between religion and society. Perhaps even more influence has been exerted by the growing skepticism within society itself as to the sufficiency of its own ends and methods. The tendency to question the finality of a *laissez-faire* order has been constant in its growth. Despite the timidity of the teaching profession — and who can blame the underpaid pedagogues who feel their bread and butter to be at the mercy of reactionary boards? — the total effect of the emergence of the so-called social sciences has been to flood the West during the last generation with college and high school graduates who know that the conditions of modern society are at least subject to legitimate questioning.

This process, I admit, is not much more than started. But with the legitimacy of questioning established, the next point to be reached — and to be reached with speed if the economic situation does not improve — will be a community recognition of the self-defeating nature of our acquisitive society. By that I mean that all the howling now going up for a redistribution of wealth or of income, for a planned society, and for all that sort of thing means that people *in vast numbers* are on the point of discovering that our system of channeling profits to owners in order to pile up savings to be invested in additions to capital plant for the increase of production is actually succeeding in littering up the landscape with goods that cannot be bought, produced in factories that cannot then be kept open, built by loans that cannot then be paid, negotiated through financing agencies that cannot then be kept solvent. And as the community thus comes to see that *laissez-faire* capitalism, as a system, without regard to whether it is "right" or "wrong," simply does not work, the pressure on religion to find moral grounds for condemning it is constantly growing.

In the third place, this tension is a product of the actual situation in which religion is trying to work. Not to generalize about this, consider the case of a minister in a mining town. What is he to do? On the one hand, he sees men engaged in an extra-hazardous occupation at a wage that, in numerous bituminous regions in the United States, has now fallen, in actual totals, to between five and seven hundred dollars a year. On the other hand, he sees the mine ownership and management caught in the ruin of an industry wrecked by its own greed. In this general state of trade anarchy, nothing but the law of the jungle seems to apply. He sees that there are too many mines and too many miners; that on any rational organization of the industry there must be a wholesale displacement of both. The mine operator therefore appears almost as much victim as the miner.

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Now what is the minister, who is trying to serve the interests of religion in a mining town, to do? Is he to accept the society which lies behind this state of affairs as the society which is to be for an indefinite time to come? If he does, he knows that he accepts the doom of his ministry, since men under the torture of such a social situation obviously cannot have any genuine interest outside the tooth-and-claw struggle for existence. The outcome will be found in the social radicalism of hosts of clergymen whose fortunes have led them to industrial communities, and of church bodies that are trying to maintain religious services in such places.

V

And yet, after appreciating these reasons why Western religion finds itself in growing tension with Western society, we have not answered the question as to whether this tension is inescapable. For this tension, at bottom, rests on an assumption. Religious genius — the prophets, Jesus, St. Francis, Gandhi — almost always makes this assumption. Life always challenges it. The assumption is that of the supreme worth of the individual. In other words — as the English clergyman and member of Parliament, Sylvester Horne, once said — the essence of religious teaching is that the soul of a man, whether a drunkard wallowing in an East End gutter or a black thrown on the human scrapheap of the diamond mines of the Rand, is worth more than the whole wealth of the world in the eyes of God.

I believe that most clergymen would accept this as a statement of the distinctive thing for which religion stands in the modern world. I have heard the claim made innumerable times; it will be found, variously phrased, in practically all books on the social implications of modern religion. But is not the time here to ask whether such a claim has any relevancy to the modern world? Defend it as an ideal, if you will. But can an ideal which is impossible of controlling action, or a proposition which is beyond proof, have value? And this notion of the supreme worth of the individual is as far beyond any realization to-day as Einstein's mathematics is beyond the use of the paper-hanger measuring off wall-paper in my living room. Mind, I am not now passing judgment on the religious intuition which has produced this idea. I only assert that no social system now known or contemplated offers the slightest comfort to this doctrine of individual importance.

I have stated it in this way because it needs to be made clear that it is not only under the factory system and *laissez-faire* that the majority of humans become nothing more than pawns in the economic battle. The individual counts even less in Communism, if that is possible, than in capitalism. I am willing to lay this down as a proposition, and let those who wish argue it out as much as they desire: There is not a social system now in existence or definitely proposed that could continue to function if the idea of the supreme worth of the individual were seriously entertained.

When religion, therefore, comes forward with the claim that its principal mission is to champion the supreme worth of the individual, it should be forced either to provide blueprints of a social order in which the individual would be given supreme worth — a requirement that I, for one, am persuaded is beyond meeting — or to recognize the irrelevancy of its approach to modern society. Nor does it make much difference, from the standpoint of resolving the tension between religion and society, which horn of this dilemma religion chooses.

VI

A second element in this phase of religion's approaching ordeal will be found in the attitude which it takes toward profits. The medieval church regarded interest-taking as sin (though the medieval churchmen thanked God for the convenient presence of the Jews to do their sinning for them), but the Protestant Reformation and the industrial revolution managed to translate profit-making into a religious virtue. To-day, however, the pendulum of religious opinion is swinging in the other direction. Profit is regarded in many churchly quarters as wrong in itself, since what is added to the gain of one is, in many cases, taken from the hands of others. Even when there is readiness to admit the possibility of a just profit, religion tends more and more to oppose the process by which profit is made as a source of ruthlessness, deceit, and other vices.

With so limited a space available, I must ask the reader to accept my assurance that there have been literally hundreds of church

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bodies that have, in the past decade, declared that religion demands a society purged of the profit motive. "The profit motive cannot be reconciled with Christian ethics." The quotation happens to be taken from the resolutions adopted by last year's convention of the Ohio Council of Churches. But the position will be found duplicated in religious pronunciamentoes of every sort and description.

I have no quarrel with this conclusion, but I trust that those who are announcing it do so with appreciation of the social revolution which it has in view. Even if the profit motive is limited, by definition, to nothing more than money profit — a limitation of questionable justification — to declare that it "cannot be reconciled" with religion is a declaration of war between religion and society. And that means, between religion and its own professors. I have no objection to the denunciation of the money-profit motive. By and large, I think it a curse, and I am glad to see this reaction from the sort of religious obfuscation which sanctified the greed of Victorian society. But I do grow impatient with the naïveté which makes religious spokesmen expect that half-million-dollar churches and quarter-million-dollar church debts and hundred-thousand-dollar church budgets and ten-thousand-dollar clerical salaries can go peacefully along with declarations that the profit motive "cannot be reconciled" with religious teaching.

VII

AGAIN the inescapable nature of this struggle appears as Western religion attempts to assert moral control over the impersonal machine. When the Pope excoriates the factory for its effect on character he may be on solid ground morally and religiously, but he is on difficult ground pragmatically. For the machine is, both in operation and control, the most impersonal and insensitive instrument in society. It is owned, typically, by an army of stockholders so great in number, so scattered in location, and so limited to tiny shares of partnership that it is next to impossible to deal with them on any grounds other than the money-worth and security of their investment. This means that management has, typically again, but one means of protecting its future, namely, the uninterrupted production of profits. And this means, so far as the worker is concerned, that under the high-speed, mass-production conditions of modern industry, success consists in reducing the "human" element to as complete a minimum as possible, and may even, if technological advance continues in its present direction, succeed in driving out the human element — save in design — altogether.

Now, what sort of moral harness can be cast about a machine? I think it vastly meaningful that many of the keenest thinkers in this field — Principal L. P. Jacks, as an example — are practically giving up the problem of the machine, the factory, and turning to the hope of imparting some greatly important moral value to the worker's leisure. It remains to be seen, however, whether there is any great hope in this direction. Surely it will be a truly "new morality" that will have to operate in a society where the machine can provide all material wants with the aid of the short-time labor of only a fraction of the normal working population of the past! Yet that is the prospect which competent engineers tell us is already at hand — and the imagination staggers at the amount of leisure which the machine may force upon mankind, willy-nilly, in another hundred years.

The only hope, so far as I can see, of setting up moral controls over the machine or over the leisure-surfeited society which the machine is bent on producing, lies in a rapid social revolution which will liquidate the present investing and speculating owning class. With the machine working, not to produce profits but goods to the limit of consumer needs — and no more — religion might tackle the problem of building up moral controls over the resultant society with some hope of success. But religion's problem, if such a revolution be required, is in the (at least theoretical) adherence of Western religion to an ethic of love. No owning class in history ever gave up its hold on power without being blasted loose, and it is scarcely likely that this blasting in the West can be made to follow even the comparative non-violence of Mahatma Gandhi's non-coöperation and retreat to the hand loom.

No; sooner or later, if there is to be that transformation of society which religion is now declaring essential to its own success — redistribution of wealth, production for use and not profit, the sinking of racial, class, and national interests in the interests of all humanity —

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there is almost certain to be resort to some sort of violence. (Gandhi's fasts, picketings, and hartels are, of course, a form of violence.) This will not only involve religion in a struggle with the old order of society, but within itself it will feel the tension caused by the choice between which of its proclaimed ideals it is to regard as indispensable and undiminished in authority and which, "for the duration of the war," it is to surrender. Since it has never seriously attempted, in past crises, to uphold the necessity for love, the chances do not seem great that it will persist far in that direction in the coming test.

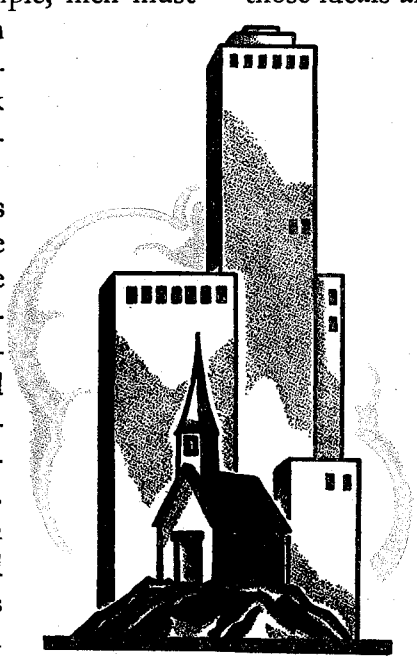
VIII

CONSIDERING the state of affairs which now obtains, the ordeal which Western religion confronts in its relations with Western society can be comprehended by looking at a few still unanswered questions.

In the field of ideas, it is pertinent to ask whether absolutes of good and evil have any right here. What, for instance, is the spiritual effect upon a layman who is confronted with what he is assured is the Christian absolute of good in industrial relations while he knows it to be impossible of even approximate achievement? But if the demand for absolutes persists — and it may be that in the case of an ethically involved religion it must persist — then should these absolutes of good and evil enter this Western machine-dominated society in terms of a Galilean's outlook of nineteen centuries ago? In a day when, for example, men must achieve their social organization in terms of superabundant production, has a social outlook that stresses the blessing of poverty any great importance?

In the field of action, it is necessary to ask whether, in case the social order is to be made into something essentially different from that which now obtains, this can be accomplished by reliance upon those methods of suasion which fall within the approved Christian ethic. The business of bringing down the mighty from their seats and exalting them of low degree has never made much progress until sweet reason gave way to destruction. Apparently even Jesus believed in that solution, although he reserved the job of doing the destroying to an apocalyptic agent from on high. Every sign indicates that the period within which radical social transformation must be secured cannot be long extended. Can suasion operate sufficiently within this period? If not, should religion withdraw from the effort? Or should it declare a moratorium on "love" until the struggle is over? Or should it turn from its past attempts to soften the brutalities of capitalist procedure to an attempt to soften the brutalities of proletarian revolt?

In the field to which, at the moment, many clergymen are turning to escape from such questions — the field of intensified pastoral care for the individual — the unsolved problems are equally vital. Granting that stately exercises of worship can provide intervals of relaxation and sublimation with immense psychological value, and that wise counseling can frequently aid in the relief of many types of personality maladjustment, there yet remains the fact that it is the faulty organization of society which is contributing most to the production of these tragically maladjusted lives. To what extent, therefore, can Western religion be content to confine its attention to what, in the words of a significantly popular modern hymn, is described as breathing coolness and calm through the heats of contemporary life, and to what extent must it continue to attack the fabulous task of eradicating from society itself those ideals and processes which are thwarting and deforming the individuals who, in despair, seek the sanctuary for healing?



Questions such as these pierce deep. But in next month's paper it will be shown that even these do not penetrate to the root of the ordeal now before Western religion. Beneath the conflict now forming between the church and the modern state and the church and modern society there is another conflict of even greater import for the future of religion. That is the conflict between the church and its own historic dogma, which I shall discuss next month.

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End of the Hunt

A Short Story

Drawings by George Annand

***by* EDWIN GRANBERRY**

THE MAN came back out of the woods. The horse had escaped, stampeded by the gunshot which had ripped the earth almost at its feet.

"Couldn't you catch him, Brommy?" the child called to him.

"Couldn't catch him, son."

"You stayed so long."

Pale and haggard, the man stood there a moment in the shadow of the autumn woods, trying to close his mind to everything but the utter essentials: the horse gone; home probably eight miles; the highroad, not much traveled at this time of evening, probably two miles; darkness in an hour. In his overheated condition, he might retain consciousness that long, less than that if he tried to hurry too fast. What would the sight of convulsions do to a five-year-old boy, alone miles in the woods at night?

"Look, Brommy! He's got seven rattles. I wish you hadn't shot him in two."

The man approached and stood over the child, who was kneeling on the ground a few feet from the snake, one of his arms holding the dog around the body and the other clutching a sack of birds.

"I guess he's the biggest you ever killed, Brommy."

"Pretty big, son."

"We kill the biggest one the first time you take me hunting. Now I guess mother will be glad she let you take me, won't she?"

The man wiped the sweat from his face, stared at the horizon.

"I'm a big enough boy now, aren't I, Brommy?"

"You're a big boy, Peter."

"But I wish you had called me to see him before you shot him. Was he coiled? . . . I said was he coiled, Brommy?"

"What, son?"

"Was he coiled when you shot him?"

"Yes —" he said, gazing. Again he wiped the sweat away with his arm. "No, no, son, he wasn't coiled. He was lying by that log there where we left our water jug. . . . I shouldn't have shot so close to Pharaoh's head and made him break and run. . . ."

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing."

"Do you hear something?"

"I was thinking, son." He stirred out of his tracks and looked at the child.

"See!" the boy said. "You shot him right in two. Why didn't you shoot him in the head? Then we could have skinned him and made a belt or something. We might have made something to hang in your room at home with the deer horns. . . . Why didn't you?"

"I don't know, son."

"You've got deer horns in your room, and a sailfish —" He paused, his eyes taken in one of those spells that come on children in their far-away thinking. "I wasn't with you when you killed the deer, Brommy."

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"No — Come on. We must go."

"Then where were I?"

"I don't know, son. Please take my hand."

"Maybe I wasn't borned yet —"

"I guess so. . . . Throw away the birds and let's go." The boy was startled. The man saw that the birds could not be abandoned without a reason. "Here then, give me the birds. It's the water jug we don't want, but we'll take the birds of course. Now let's hurry before the sun goes down."

"I wish we could take the snake home to show mother."

"We don't want it, it's no good."

"We'll kill another one some day, won't we. . . . Won't we, Brommy?"

"What?"

"I said we will kill another rattlesnake some day, won't we?"

"Yes, son. . . . I want you to wait here just a minute. I'll be right back." He went into the edge of the woods, returned in a moment without the gun. The boy did not miss it. "Now take my hand. We've got to go."

"And leave Pharaoh?"

"Pharoah's gone. We'll have to walk. Are you very tired?"

"No, sir. But how will Pharoah get home?"

"He knows the way home."

They started, the dog running ahead over the meadow.

"Oh, Brommy!" cried the boy suddenly. "Look at your sleeve!"

"Yes — I snagged it on a limb in the woods, trying to catch Pharoah."

"It's bleeding!"

"That's all right. You're not afraid of blood —"

"I want to see it, Brommy."

"It's nothing. . . . We musn't stop until we find the road." But by the pallid look that had come over the boy's nervous face, he saw that imagination was going to have a worse effect than the sight of the wound itself. "All right," he said. "Stop a minute, and I'll show you where the limb snagged my arm. And I want you to do something for me, will you?" He knelt on the ground in front of the blanched face and misty eyes.

"Here now, you're not going to be afraid, are you?"

"No, Brommy. I'm not afraid."

"All right. Now watch." He rolled the sleeve back from his arm. "Now watch carefully. I want you to catch hold of the two ends of this handkerchief around my arm and pull it as tight as you can. See?"

The boy caught hold, pulled, quivered, staring at the cross gashes a knife had sunk into the wound.

"It looks like you cut it. And why don't you put the handkerchief over the hurt place?"

"It's better this way — to stop the bleeding. . . . That's it. Tight as you can pull it. . . . Are you sick?"

"No, sir."

"That's a boy!" As he arose, the first of the black shadow bands wavered across his eyes. "Now take my hand and we'll find the road. . . . Maybe we'll find someone who will take us home."

Again they started. But the wind filled the dry broomsedge with eerie rattlings and hissings that arose to the front of them and followed after, sounding in every direction until all the meadow, breast high to the child, became an unseen terror that dragged at his feet, delaying the way. And his wrist turned cold in his father's grip.

"How far is the road now, Brommy?"

"Not far now."

And after a distance he asked:

"Now is it far?"

"Only a little more now. . . ."

But as the way lengthened in silence, a strange yellow gloom descended on the world, as if an eclipse unheralded had come over the sun; earth, air, and sky began a sickening stagger, and the man stooped down and picked up his son.

"Look ahead, Boy, and tell me if you see the road."

"All I can see is the meadow grass, Brommy."

"And what do you see at the end of the meadow?"

"I see a flock of crows flying into the piney woods."

"And how far do the woods seem?"

"As far as I can see."

"Hold your arm around my neck. We'll soon be there."

Later, in a clearing, they stumbled and came to a halt.

"Let's rest a little, Peter, and see who can count the most stars, you or I."

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"What stars, Brommy?"

"You remember the bright North star that guides the hunters. Turn me toward it and show me you can find it now." There was a silence. He changed his position, feeling that the child was staring stricken at his eyes, which he knew by now were distorted, watery, floating. "The Pole star, son — the one you used to find for me every night. You can find it again now. Show me. . . ." He heard a little faltering laugh, anxious, uneasy, just under hysteria.

"But there won't be stars until the sun goes down, Brommy. You are playing."

Abruptly the man stopped and caught him in his arms. "Yes, son — I am only playing, of course. Put your arm around my neck." And then he laughed with him, to quiet him; and taking the belt from around his waist, he called the dog to him and tied it in the dog's collar.

And as he was tying the knot, he realized that prostration and delirium were marshaling their approach; little foreboding spasms were seizing and constricting the muscles of his fingers, his throat, convulsing and releasing him in cold sweats. Now there could be no choosing; the end was upon him, like a visitation foreseen and shunned since the instant he had fired in a rage and the horse had plunged. And with the specter facing him, longing not to abandon the way home engulfed him with despair. Only to be going that way when he fell! To drop on the way would not be like lying alone and waiting for unconsciousness. But if he staggered on with the child, somewhere inevitably he would fall, irrational, convulsed, making a spectacle of terror none but a man should witness —

"Come here, Peter. . . . Are we cowards?" There was no answer. "No, we are not cowards, we are hunters. And I'm going to tell you something I was afraid would make you cry."

"I know it, Brommy, but I won't cry."

"Not the snag in my arm — it's what we have done to our horse. We've left him to die out there in the woods by himself."

"Pharaoh?"

"Bitten by a rattlesnake. . . . We've left him to die without help. Pretty unkind." His hand touched the child's face, passed over his eyes. "We could save him if you wanted to."

"Will he die — out in the woods?"

"We've done nothing to save him. . . . But if you would go for help while I stayed here and looked for him —"

"Where would I go, Brommy?"

"The road is just a little way over there. If you took hold of this belt on Gruff's collar, she would lead you to it . . . she would take you right down the road home. When you got there to mother —" Seized in a mortal stricture that locked his jaws and impaled him as if on a hot spear, he smothered the child's face against his side. . . . "Mother would come in the car with Doctor Anders. . . . But if you are afraid —"

"Where would you be, Brommy?"

"Hunting in the woods. . . . But I would build a fire here, and when they came, they could see the light from the road and know where I am —"

Suddenly, as if struck, the child clasped his father's neck, sobbing in despair. The man seized him wildly across the body, savagely, as in a rage, ripped a hole in his waist, tied the loose end of the belt in it, lashing boy and dog together.

The old setter bitch, startled by an insane, brutal attack, made off on her belly through the grass, drawing the child with her homeward, to the west.

Alone, the man held up his palm to the wind; it was blowing east. Tearing and ravishing the dry sedge, he crushed it into a brand, struck fire to it and hurled it, to the end of his might, out onto the wind.

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High Tariff—Low Tariff

What Is Back of the Controversy

by **KENNETH W. STILLMAN**

THERE are few subjects of discussion among intelligent persons about which the discussers have less definite information to support their beliefs than that of tariffs. Most of us inherited our opinions of the benefits of tariffs to mankind along with our surnames, the color of our eyes, and our religious and political faiths. Some of us have picked up some new ideas, have learned new phrases with which to extol our side of the question or to destroy the opposition. But generally we are still ignorant of the reasons for our opinions.

There are so many conflicting interests involved in tariff controversies and so many complicated series of facts to be interpreted that it is a tedious job to sit quietly on the fence and survey the field objectively. When one does this he sees that there are two sides to the question and that it would require at least nine Solomons to hand down a forthright decision exalting one side and condemning the other. In view of the great interest in the future of world trade and the probability that the new Congress will undertake a revision of our present tariff law, it should be of interest to set forth some of the facts relative to tariffs so that we may watch the performance to be staged in Washington with a better understanding of what it is all about.

To get in the proper mood for a consideration of modern tariff policies, let us look briefly at the history of customs duties in the United States. Our first tariff act was passed in 1789, the year of the first inauguration of Washington. It carried low rates and was intended for revenue purposes only. Constant agitation for higher rates culminated in the first restrictive act of 1816, with average duties of 20 per cent on a long list of commodities. Further increases were made up to 1832, after which the general trend was downward until the Civil War. Then the Republican party made the protective tariff a cardinal plank in its platform and, with the exception of the Wilson Act, passed during Cleveland's administration, and the Underwood Act, passed while Wilson was President, each succeeding tariff act imposed higher and higher duties on more and more items until the peak of all time was reached in the Smoot-Hawley Act of 1930.

The principal argument now used for high tariffs is that of the conservation of American standards of living. High tariff proponents assert that competition from foreign countries paying low wages and living under nineteenth-century conditions would undermine the domestic market for American goods and would throw countless thousands of American workmen out of jobs. To this, low tariff advocates reply that since this country has expanded its productive resources too rapidly for domestic consumptive capacity to keep pace, foreign markets for our surplus are essential to our continued well-being but that we cannot hope to sell abroad unless we are willing to accept foreign goods in exchange. They add that the threat of destruction of American standards of living is absurd because labor costs — and not wages — determine prices, and American industry, in general, has the lowest labor costs in the world.

Let us see what evidence can be found to substantiate either of these conflicting claims. Let us consider first the alleged protection which high tariffs are said to give our workers.

Beneficiaries of a High Tariff

THE Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act increased rates to record high levels on 800 items which, in 1928, constituted 65 per cent of our total dutiable imports. Assuming that these high rates actually protect American workers

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in the industries affected, let us see how many such protected workers there are.

According to the census of 1930 there were 48,833,000 gainfully employed workers in the country, distributed among ten great industrial groups. Certain of these groups produce commodities which have been given tariff protection. Other groups are engaged in activities which, by no stretch of the imagination, can be assumed to get or need protection against foreign competition, because they supply services which must be consumed where they are produced. Two other great groups — manufacturing and agriculture — include both protected and unprotected elements, so that a subdivision must be made of them to determine the number of workers in each who are subject to tariff benefits. The following tabulation classifies the ten great industrial groups, with their employees, into protected and unprotected occupations.

PROTECTED INDUSTRIES

Industry	*Number of Employees*
Forestry and Fishing	270,000
Extraction of Minerals	1,158,000
Manufacturing	8,098,000
Agriculture	4,316,000
Total Protected Employees	13,842,000
28 Per Cent of Total Gainfully Employed	

UNPROTECTED INDUSTRIES

Manufacturing	6,220,000
Agriculture	6,166,000
Transportation	4,439,000
Trade	7,537,000
Professional Service	3,426,000
Public Service (Not otherwise specified).	1,058,000
Domestic and Personal Service	4,812,000
Unclassified	1,333,000
Total Unprotected Employees	34,991,000
72 Per Cent of Total Gainfully Employed	

Only in regard to the breakdown of manufacturing and agricultural workers in this list can there be much cause for argument. To classify all the occupations in these two great industries has required some arbitrary decisions which are believed to be reasonable but which might be challenged by pro- or anti-tariff advocates. In manufacturing, protected industries include chemicals, cigars and tobacco, clay, glass, and stone products, clothing, blast furnaces, leather goods, textiles, *etc.* Unprotected manufacturing industries include construction, bakeries, automobile factories and repair shops, printing and publishing, *etc.*

In the distribution of agricultural workers more complex statistical methods have been necessary. There has been no breakdown of farm workers according to the crops they produce, so that accurate determination of how many of them grow protected commodities is impossible. Using information collected in the 1930 census for the first time, and some statistical methods suggested by Mr. William Lane Austin, Chief Statistician for Agriculture of the United States Bureau of Census, it has been possible to approximate the number of workers engaged in each of thirteen general types of farming. Upon this basis the 10,000,000 farm workers have been divided into those growing protected products and those growing products which can be little, if at all, protected by customs duties. Arguments might prevail against some of the decisions made in classifying both manufacturing and agricultural workers, but no significant change in the final distribution between protected and unprotected workers would be likely to result even if they were admitted.

Since 34,991,000 workers — 72 per cent of all those gainfully employed in this country — get no benefit from tariffs, it is obvious that tariff protection is in behalf of a minority of our people. If it can be shown, however, that even 14,000,000 workers — each with an average of 1½ dependents, making a total of 35,000,000 citizens — receive tariff benefits without great expense or injustice to the rest of the country, a good case may be made out for high tariffs.

In exploring this point it must first be noted that despite perennial outbursts against increasing imports of foreign goods, the real objection to them is not their volume but their effect upon the domestic price structure. During recent years all industries have learned to their dismay that a price cut by the very smallest producer within a group tends to demoralize the entire price structure. It is this same effect of even small imports of low-priced foreign goods which disturbs domestic producers — not the fear that the importations will ever usurp a considerable share of the domestic market.

From this it follows that the chief purpose of our protective tariff laws is to raise domestic prices of protected commodities. In earlier days this operated effectively. Organization

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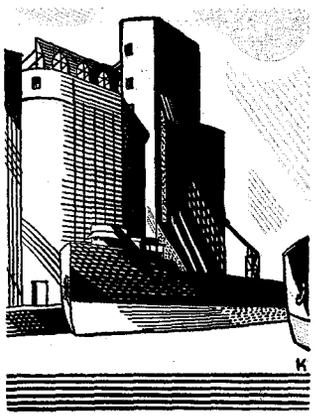
of great trusts in control of industries eliminated the domestic price competition which threatened to destroy the increases in domestic prices which tariffs made possible. But these days have passed. It is probable that much of the recent agitation for changes in our anti-trust laws is inspired by a desire for the return of the "good old days" when domestic price-fixing made tariff rates 100 per cent effective.

To-day it is a hopeless task to attempt an accurate determination of the effect of tariff rates upon domestic prices. Under normal conditions there is undoubtedly an increase ranging up to 100 per cent of the tariff rate. Now, however, when domestic competition is so severe and uncontrolled, prices of many commodities have been forced to levels far below those intended to be maintained by the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Such increases as there are evidently are paid by all consumers of the commodities and apply to all protected goods produced. Payment of tariff charges by consumers is not confined to actual duties levied on imported goods — which were $462,000,000 in 1930 — but they are extended to some extent to the purchase of every item of the protected commodity produced and sold here. Just to give some idea of what this tax on all the people for the benefit of 28 per cent of the population might amount to, let us assume that domestic prices in 1930 were raised by just half the tariff rates imposed that year and then estimate how much extra it would have cost consumers to buy the 1930 production of protected commodities.



In 1930 the sugar refining industry produced $507,000,000 worth of sugar. Had the 118 per cent sugar tariff been only half effective in raising domestic prices, consumers would have paid $300,000,000 more for sugar than the actual production cost plus a fair profit. Similar additions to consumer costs of some of the other protected commodities under similar conditions would have been: $240,000,000 for wool manufactures; $440,000,000 for tobacco products; $240,000,000 for cotton manufactures; $225,000,000 for silk goods; $103,000,000 for leather goods; $123,000,000 for chemicals; $1,010,000,000 for iron and steel products. It should be added, in view of the claims made by industries seeking tariff protection, that they are thinking of their workers, that for nearly every protected industry, the increased returns it would have received from consumers if its tariff rate were only 50 per cent effective in raising prices would have been more than the total amount the industry paid out in wages during the entire year which, of course, was already included in the production costs to which the tariff differentials were added.

Proponents of high tariffs show great solicitude for the American workman and, as the figures cited before indicate, if they paid out in wages even a fraction of their increased returns made possible by tariff protection, their employees would be the envy of all. Unfortunately the facts show that this solicitude rarely goes beyond the promise stage. The National Industrial Conference Board publishes authoritative data on the average weekly and hourly earnings for a score of important industries throughout the country. It so happens that in this group of industries are eleven which are always in the van when tariff favors are being handed out and ten which either do not bother with tariffs or are actively opposed to them.

The average weekly earnings for 1930 of the 634,000 employees on the payrolls of the plants included in this survey were $25.84. They were distributed from $38.22 for news and magazine publishing plants down to $18.36 for northern cotton manufacturing plants. Arranged in descending order of average weekly earnings it is significant that of the first ten paying highest wages, nine have no tariff protection; that only one protected industry — iron and steel — earns a place among these high wage industries; and that only one other protected industry — chemicals — paid wages above the average for the entire group.

Foreign Trade and a High Tariff

What about our foreign trade and the effects of our tariff upon it? Our foreign trade still remains a very vital part of our economic picture. In 1929 our total exports were $5,240,000,000. In 1930 they declined to $3,843,000,000 and in 1931 they dropped further to $1,661,000,000 — 68 per cent below

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the 1929 total. For the first eight months of 1932 our exports were valued at $917,000,000 — 37 per cent below exports of the same period of 1931. On this basis, total 1932 exports will barely exceed $1,000,000,000 and will be 80 per cent below those of 1929. But they still represent 10 per cent of our total business — a profit-making increment which cannot be ignored with impunity.

Not only is our export trade important to the country as a whole but scores of industries depend upon it for the profitable sale of their surplus, which cannot be sold in the domestic markets but the ultimate sale of which is essential to their continued operation. We export 45 per cent of our cotton, 29 per cent of our lard, 19 per cent of our wheat, 39 per cent of our leaf tobacco, 34 per cent of our copper, 21 per cent of our locomotives, 29 per cent of our printing machinery, 23 per cent of our agricultural machinery, 50 per cent of our motorcycles. While we sympathize with those industries which find it hard to retain their domestic markets we should also consider these and many other industries, equally important, which face just as sure destruction if their foreign markets are lost.

To attempt an analysis of the controversy raging about the extent to which retaliatory tariffs have restricted world trade is particularly difficult. Until there can be some general agreement as to the basic causes of the world-wide depression, any attempt to assess the amount of reduced trade due to artificial trade barriers alone seems certain to meet with severe criticism. Without trying to decide the question finally, there are many salient facts of significance.

Since the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act was passed in 1922 there has been a world-wide increase in trade barriers. Within two years after that bill was signed almost every important country in the world raised its tariff rates. It might have been a coincidence but looks more like retaliation. Foreign trade was hurt so badly that during the next six years we found it necessary to loan approximately $15,000,000,000 to "backward and crippled countries" in order to maintain our exports at their normal rates during a period of rapidly expanding business. Apparently believing that we were taking an unfair advantage of our creditor position, scores of foreign nations hiked their tariff rates again between 1925 and 1928, although we had made no important changes in our schedules.

We could not tolerate this affront, so in 1930 we enacted the Smoot-Hawley bill — and all stalwart Americans thumbed their noses at the forty-odd nations which made official protests against this further assault on world trade. Having no luck with their protests, foreign industries turned to their governments and, immediately upon the signing of the Smoot-Hawley bill, twenty-five nations again increased their duties; by November, 1931, forty-two foreign countries had met our bet and raised us. And in these new tariff laws, for the first time, were open and unequivocal attacks on American products. By means of quota systems, trick administrative measures, and divers other methods, it was made particularly difficult for typical American products to enter these countries, although many other foreign products, of apparently identical character, got through the walls with little difficulty.

What has happened? Our exports declined 68 per cent from 1929 through 1931, while our imports dropped 53 per cent during the same period.

Then there was another very unfortunate result of the international trade war. Industries which had built up indispensable markets in foreign lands began to export factories when they found they could no longer export goods. To retain these established and profitable markets abroad, now surrounded by insurmountable tariff walls, American exporters organized assembly plants and complete factories within the foreign countries. This development took root following the passage of the Fordney-McCumber tariff, but it has flowered during recent years. By 1929 there were more than 450 American plants in Canada in which upward of $500,000,000 had been invested. Two years later, after the Smoot-Hawley act had brought its reprisals, the number of American plants in Canada had doubled and throughout the world there were more than 2000 American

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plants operating on foreign soil, employing foreign workmen, and estimated to represent an investment of $7,000,000,000. The direct effect of this emigration of jobs upon American workmen is self-evident.

A Partial Help to Workers

At their best, then, tariffs aid only a fraction of our people; and even this aid seems to be mostly visionary in so far as maintaining high wages is concerned. Furthermore, the aid, such as it is, comes directly from the pocketbooks of those in unprotected industries, who outnumber protected workers two to one. Why not reduce or eliminate all tariffs? seems a legitimate question to ask. But the answer is not so easy. Drastic reduction of tariffs may be the theoretical cure for an admittedly bad condition in our body politic, but the patient is too sick to withstand such a major operation. He requires a long period of convalescence, much tonic, and considerable exercise before such a drastic step can or should be taken.

Tariffs were first imposed in this country, as in all others, to protect infant industries. The trouble with this sound policy, as with many other political undertakings, is that once adopted it becomes almost impossible to get rid of it. Protected by early tariffs, our infant industries prospered and grew strong, but when it was proposed to let them stand on their own feet the skies rang with the storm of opposition. Despite the fact that the modern theory of high wages was then unknown and factory workers labored long hours under barbaric conditions, the greedy entrepreneurs, anxious to continue their high profits with a minimum of effort, refused to exert themselves in improving their managerial methods but spent their time lobbying at Washington for higher and still higher tariffs.

This policy is still popular. The great era of trusts of a few decades ago was instigated chiefly by the desire of business men for control of domestic prices so that full advantage could be taken of the tariff rates on their products. Not until recent times did Henry Ford demonstrate the economic truism that labor costs and not wages are dominant in fixing total costs. Many of our industries still appear to be ignorant of that fact. Safely sheltered behind our tariff wall, they have had little incentive to improve their methods, to modernize their equipment, to adopt better merchandizing policies or the many other modern practices which have been taken up as a matter of course by those industries which have had to compete in world markets.

A comparison of the automobile and cotton industries serves to illustrate the results of two such divergent policies. According to the National Industrial Conference Board figures previously cited, the average weekly earnings of automobile workers in 1930 were fifth highest among the twenty-one industries covered and were third in respect to average hourly earnings. The cotton industry was at the bottom of the list in both. The automobile industry pays high wages, but it is able to export its products for sale in England in spite of a 33⅓ per cent tariff and in competition with a domestic industry which pays wages about half those in American plants. But the cotton industry, which pays about the lowest American wage rates, requires a 52 per cent duty on cotton goods to be able to compete in its home market with English cotton goods produced by workers paid about the same as English automobile workers. Something is certainly wrong, and it appears that about 90 per cent of it is due to poor management. While the automobile industry, along with many others, has been keeping abreast and usually ahead of modern developments in business management, the cotton textile industry, along with a host of others, has depended almost entirely upon tariff protection for its domestic markets and has advanced little beyond nineteenth-century standards of management.

This indictment does not apply to all units of protected industries. In each there are concerns which are as modern as the best automobile plant; concerns which could meet on an equal basis almost any possible foreign competition and whip it. With tariff protection, these efficient units are able to make enormous profits under normal conditions and, of course, cannot be expected to sponsor reductions in their own price levels. In order to keep the substantial export markets which some of them have developed, they are often obliged to resort to informal dumping, because their domestic prices are so much higher than those in world markets. Perhaps it is a Utopian dream to look ahead to a time when these "crippled and backward industries" will have raised

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their management standards to those of the average automobile plant, but if it could be done, tariff agitation would change to that of the automobile industry, which went to Washington in 1930 to protest — vainly — *against* a tariff on automobile products.

Are there ways to incite protected industries toward progress? Many have been proposed. Perhaps the most practical is the plan for reciprocal or bargaining tariffs sponsored by President-elect Roosevelt. Incidentally, in regard to the current opposition of the Republican leaders to this plan, it might be said that while few expect consistency from politicians or political parties, it seems a bit too early for them to scuttle a policy which was praised by that godfather of protectionism, William McKinley. Bargaining tariffs were sponsored by the Republican Party as early as 1876. This policy was specifically recommended in the party platforms of 1892, 1896, and 1904. The McKinley Act of 1890 and the Dingley Act of 1897 provided for reciprocal tariff treaties, and in one of his last public statements before his assassination President McKinley reiterated his faith in reciprocity. Lately, pro-tariff interests have insisted upon the "uniform treatment" policy under which we give — and receive — "most-favored-nation" treatment. We now have unconditional most-favored-nation treaties with Germany and twelve minor countries which, in 1930, purchased less than 12 per cent of our total exports. All other nations treat us as they think we deserve — and that is not nicely.

To illustrate the action of bargaining tariffs let us return to the automobile and cotton industries. Let us suppose that we bargained with England to reduce its automobile tariff in consideration of a reduction in our tariff on cotton goods. The sale of English cotton goods in the United States would increase, and Lancashire factories would expand operations and would require more help. In the United States, cotton prices would fall and many marginal cotton producers would be forced out of business. There appears to be no good reason why adoption of modern management methods would not permit most American cotton mills to compete freely with foreign goods. But there would be many concerns, whose managements might better be engaged in more suitable occupations, that could not make the grade and would have to close down and discharge their employees.

Meanwhile the increased sale of American automobiles to England would have expanded operations in Detroit and more workers would be needed. Theoretically, the jobless cotton workers should be transferred to the automobile plants where they would get substantially higher wages but, practically, here enters the gravest problem which faces any attempt to reduce tariffs substantially. If all trade barriers were lowered and each country were permitted to produce freely those commodities for which its climate, its resources of nature and of citizens best fitted it, there can be no argument that the world would be much more prosperous. But unless some gigantic governmental mechanism is developed to make an immediate transfer of workers discharged from an inefficient industry to new jobs in an efficient industry and to care for them and their families until the exchange is made, the closing of a single plant will increase our already too large unemployment total and add to our distress.

But there is still another serious question to be answered. The creditor position of the United States raises doubt as to the extent to which our foreign sales could be increased even with trade barriers lowered. Reciprocal tariff agreements would permit other countries to pay their debts to us, but there is no assurance that they would substantially increase their purchases from us because of their unfavorable balances of trade. Under such a condition American workers discharged from bankrupt and inefficient industries might not find new jobs and their distress would measure the cost of repayment to American security holders of their investments in foreign bonds.

In summary, then, it appears that high tariffs are a national and international abomination and that they should be lowered immediately and drastically, but that there is no known way to accomplish this desirable end without causing still more distress and unemployment. Obviously, the whole subject deserves and requires intensive study from a reasonable, non-partisan, and enlightened point of view. It is one of the most stubborn problems facing the world to-day. It is time something is done about it. Perhaps the new Administration will tackle the job, although it will be a thankless task, at best.

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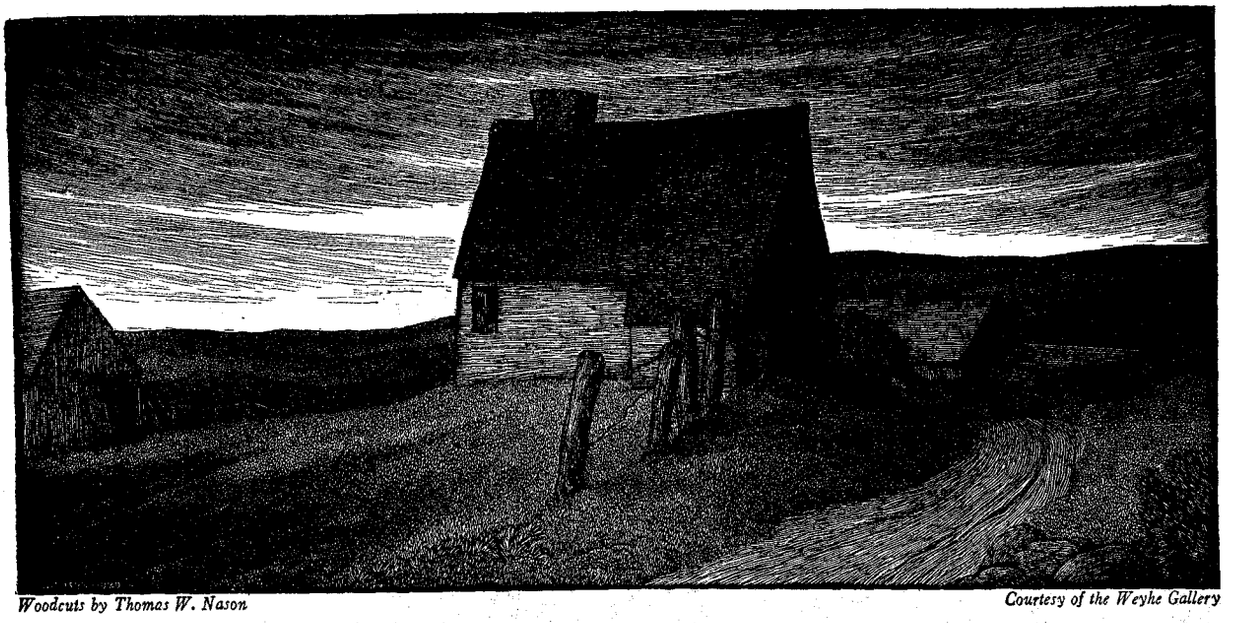

Woodcuts by Thomas W. Nason *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

Back to the Farm?

***by* RUSSELL LORD**

I

EARTH is our refuge whenever progress fails us. Our every panic and spell of depression, from pre-revolutionary times onward, has aroused a wave of retreat toward the imagined simplicities of an agricultural order. We are in the midst of another such movement now.

"The land! That is where our roots are," Henry Ford has cried, in a series of advertisements paid for as a contribution to the public welfare. From Washington comes report of extra clerks to handle homestead applications and a growing urge for more reclamation. Mr. Bolton Hall, the author of *Three Acres and Liberty*, is heard again, as after the panic of 1907, earnestly insisting that "a space twenty by forty feet, less than a fiftieth of the available area of an acre, has supplied a family of six with many more vegetables than they could consume." From state after state come reports of attempted colonization. Hardly a week goes by but some new leader of public opinion discovers the space between cities as a God-given dump for the unemployed.

In Fargo at the height of the wheat harvest I was panhandled twice in a block. Back in New York, on lower Fifth Avenue, I met an ex-doorman, born in the Bronx and never west of Albany. A decent man of thirty-six, unmarried, he had borrowed a friend's room so that he could shave that morning, and was begging for fifty cents: "Enough to feed me and get me out of town." He had been a private chauffeur before he became a doorman, and was determined to hitch-hike his way out to the big wheat farms and be a tractor hand. I tried to tell him how things were out there, and to dissuade him, but, "if I stay here a day longer I'll go nuts," he said; and headed with his half-dollar for the Jersey ferries, west.

"Get Back to Earth," Mr. Hearst's *New York American* urges in bold-faced type, with reference directly thereunder to the real estate advertisements. Mr. Bernarr MacFadden's *Graphic*, ere it perished, came out for a return to pioneer virtues and self-sufficiency. The march back home moves to a various inner

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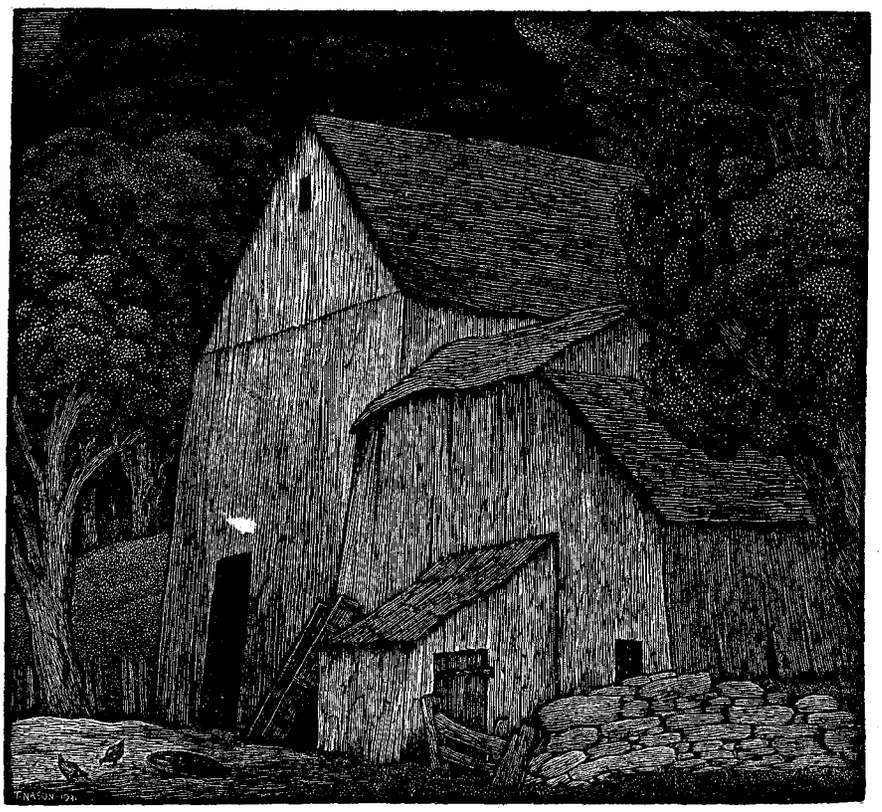

music, as profound and cleansing as the psalm beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd," and as noisily self-deceptive as a mammy song.

We all feel the impulse. Around New York's Washington Square, which is named for a farmer, the talk is quite seriously now of farming, the best soil to seek, the best things to plant, in the event of a revolution, or even before. Publishers send word around that the harsh, realistic tone in farm fiction has run its course. Those novels of the soil which succeed to-day sound the idyllic or epic note. Familiar faces are missing from around Greenwich Village. "Buy an abandoned farm," says a realtor's card in *The Wall Street Journal*, "and live on trout and applejack until the upturn."

Now there is an element of sense in that last piece of advice. My argument is not against a return to nature, but against a return to farming. My attack is upon the delusion, to-day prevalent, that anyone who cannot make a living at anything else can at least go out and make a living by engaging in agriculture. The tendency of people with means, or with continued assurance of adequate income, to get out of cities, and then even farther out, beyond the prim, depressing lawns of Suburbia: this seems to me a sound tendency and one that is likely, under happier future circumstances, to hold. But even here it is necessary to differentiate. Has the refugee money enough to live decently out of the city? For the partly necessitous squatter — the one who seeks on the land only low living costs, not crops, for the period of the emergency — an excessive degree of retreat often proves unfortunate. People who have become accustomed to delicatessens, plumbing, and an exciting ideology go to pieces pitiably, and quite understandably, squatting on a two- or three-thousand-dollar abandoned farm, one or two hundred dollars down, the remainder on mortgage.

The Dallas News estimates that twenty-five hundred families moved this year to farms in a hundred and two Texas counties. An Oregon farmwife writes to the letter column of *The Country Home*, urging that all rural people cease, as she has, sending money to foreign missions, and instead provide coffee, doughnuts, and sandwiches for the "poor homeless wayfarers, whole families of them who pass our doors." From the same state, "We are cursed," writes a long-established and successful farmer, "with a tremendous untaxed tramp population, squatting in empty henhouses or in other free available shelter, and living off the country." The Department of Agriculture reports that our farming population stopped declining in 1930, and picked up 648,000 last year (about a quarter of this increase was due to an excess of rural births over deaths). The estimated actual farming population was 31,260,000 on January 1, 1932, as compared with 30,612,000 on January 1, 1931.

"This increase," says the Department's announcement, "is the largest and most significant recorded in the ten years in which the Bureau of Agricultural Economics has been estimating changes in population." All this past spring and summer the return has been accelerated; and, for quite a while after the heralded upturn has actually arrived, the tide will flow as in past depressions, still outward, impelled by need, distrust, and weariness of spirit.

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II

THE ORGANIZED, and most highly publicized, aspects of the movement will be the first to fade. Recently on the outskirts of a large southern city, which like many other cities has doubled and redoubled its wartime acreage of vegetable gardens, I saw seventy-one outcasts of industrial mismanagement driven benevolently in a straggling line down the rows of an eleven-acre field. This field represented the latest and most monumental planting of the associated municipal relief agencies, and the first extension of their activities out beyond vacant lots into the hinterland. It was mean clay soil, yellow and clodded. The men had been put to breaking the clods by hand. Machinery was available, but men were cheaper. The entire field was to be put in truck crops, and the yield pro-rated to the workers and other deserving poor.

"My help," said the stout, benevolent, rural foreman, "ain't worth hell-room. They hate it. You have to watch them like a hawk. But it'll take some of them off the hands of the Red Cross this winter, if we get some rain." Two trucks drove up, one with store cakes and bologna, the other with chocolate-coated bricks of ice-cream. "Donated," said the foreman. "You ought to stay for lunch. You ought to see them go for it. Some of them walk ten miles here to work. I'm not supposed to let them sneak any of the food home with them. But they do."

These ordered manifestations of the earth spirit, (as the Department of Agriculture is careful to point out in advancing the estimate of an increasing farm population which I have quoted) are not to be counted as part of "the genuine back-to-the-farm movement, since few of these people are engaged in farming as a business." Similarly, the Department refuses to count the thousands who "have moved to abandoned farms as a means of lowering their house rents in addition to raising some of their own food." There were, and are, plenty of empty houses, of a sort, out on our countryside. The depression hit agriculture in the fall of 1920. In the five-year period, 1925 to 1930, some 200,000 farms were abandoned. That many farmsteads were left standing empty. That many farm families — as many as remained in all New England, plus New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware — removed to town. In the fall of 1929 the tide turned back. Estimating the present extent of the reversal, the Department of Agriculture also excludes the singed prodigals who have gone back to live on the old folks; the drafted agrarians — those cases where relief agencies have moved families out to houses where some cultivatable plots of ground would be more accessible; and all of the "many city and town families now planting one-quarter to two-acre gardens where formerly they purchased all their foods."

These are details. Actual migrants are shifting four ways at once so rapidly at present that a precise count is impossible. The ground swell of the movement remains in keeping with the conditions which bred it, chaotic, a disorganized expression of individual needs and yearnings, blindly extending, beyond control. Those who have begun to speak for a planned society, with a land policy and a sane balance between the rural and urban elements, must recognize that each succeeding month nowadays removes us further from Utopia in that particular. Month after month farms which ought never to have been cleared, and which have been given over in despair by experienced farmers accustomed to frontier conditions, are being reoccupied by inexperienced city people, many of whom expect to make a living there.

That part of the return which is downright necessitous must be tolerated, even though the individual result prove tragic and the economic consequences unsettling for years to come. The question whether the burden of their sustenance ought not be more largely borne by the urban community, to which most of them will return in the course of time anyway, is, however, a fair question; and, in respect to any long-time program of orderly national planning, the question whether the land should be used as industry's scrap heap is pertinent.

Mr. Ford and other advocates of subsistence farming as a factory side-line argue that with people starving, "overproduction" is a word only; and that people who under stress of necessity go out and raise part or all of their own food are not entering into competition with the farmer. The unemployed can't get any money to buy food with, anyway: so runs the argument. Moreover, adds Mr. Ford, the removal partly or wholly of these thousands of families from the ranks of paying consumers is an actual

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help to agriculture, as, "The farmer is carrying in the form of heavy taxes the burden of families who cannot afford to buy his produce." Here, transparently, is wishful thinking, circling upon itself. Relief taxes are principally local, and remain so under the proposed Relief bill. The earthward migration will most certainly not lighten the farm tax burden, nor lighten surpluses. Later in the argument, Mr. Ford is more himself; his projection of the present mingling of rural and urban elements into a fixed future relation, more stable and satisfying, is boldly imagined, clear-headed, and altogether fine. His conception, however, of land as the one incomparable form of unemployment insurance must be written off as outmoded, now that all the better land, and more, has become overcrowded, and farming an inter-dependent business, like everything else. What would Mr. Ford say if he were a shoe manufacturer, and hard times came, and surpluses and taxes mounted, and then it were seriously argued as a measure of relief for his business that everybody ought to be given access to a small cobbler's last, at least, and encouraged to make his own shoes?

III

It is not my purpose here to weep for agriculture. I could bring in instances of actual hunger out in the country, and of children kept indoors all winter because they had no warm or decent clothing, but let that go. I simply argue that overproduction is actual. When so much land is being planted and so much food raised that it will not bring prices sufficient to sustain among our some thirty million Americans who happen to be farmers a self-respecting existence, too much land is being planted, and too much food is being raised.

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We have no lack of land. We have, indeed, so much land, and so much of it in farms, that, "Farming and agriculture," remarks Dr. C. E. Ladd of Cornell dispassionately, preliminary to a report on Governor Roosevelt's land economic survey, "are at the lowest ebb they have reached in the history of this country." Farm families thronged to town, as we have seen, from 1925 to 1930, but those remaining spread their operations over more land. "There is both dynamite and enlightenment," remarks Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture, "in the fact that the 366 million acres planted in crops in 1930 was 55 million acres more than our cultivated area in 1909, and larger than the war peak of 1919." (An acre is about the size of a football field, the gridiron proper.) In the same year, 1930, a quarter of our population, farming that 366 million acres, received a scant eighth of the national income, and their share has been cut since.

The cards are stacked against a return to a handicraft agriculture. Iron hands and the merciless deflation which hit the farmer nine years ahead of the rest of the country have made farming less and less a business for the little man. Mechanization has reduced from three hours to three minutes the human labor required to grow a bushel of wheat. (This is at its utmost development, in the Rockefeller experiments with large tracts and forty-horsepower caterpillar tractors in Montana; but customarily, on any farm that buys a combine, one man thereafter does the work of five.) And so it is, in varying degree, with all kinds of farming. Slipping into the brush at the halts will not let any of us for long out of the march of progress. Even now, when hardly anyone believes in it, Progress strides to the farthest corners of this great country, mechanizing, industrializing, suburbanizing everything and everybody; marking a new line of march; piping the tune. Our problems, agricultural and urban, must be solved on a basis of vastly increasing complexity, and not on a basis of escape.

The one sound thing, economically, which can be said for this back-to-farming movement is that it may somewhat hasten the interweaving of our agricultural and industrial structure, and shorten distribution costs. Apart from that, there is no economic health in it. We need fewer, better farmers, rather than more, less skillful ones. Agriculture, which used to be a refuge from business, has become, perforce, in itself a vexed and intricate business, usually requiring a lifetime of training and infinite patience for even moderate success. Given this training, patience, and good land, a family will not starve or suffer; but the enforced refugee, lacking one or all of these requirements, and possessed of elaborate urban wants and habits, will find himself more lost, trapped, up against it, in all likelihood, than he ever was in town. Earth is no pillow, these days.

I have spoken until now of the retreat to farming almost wholly as impelled by physical need and hunger. Obviously, that is not all that there is to it. Even in normal times a good many city families are moved to get out of the cities and go to farming, and it is doubtful if those who clear out now because they have to, exceed the number who make the move by choice. Anyone with money enough to buy and equip a farm nowadays, even with small down-payments, has money enough to stick it out in town for quite a while longer. There is, however, the feeling that in town both money and job go quickly, leaving nothing; that in the land lies, both as an investment and as a personal refuge, security; that farm life offers, in the place of doubt, weariness, and confusion, independence, rock-bottom meanings, health, and peace. In times of stress and fearful pinch such feelings, which are for the most part illusory, deepen. And there is a stout reassertion of the grand old pioneer impulse to walk out on civilization when civilization isn't working and get away from it all.

We all know that impulse. It is in the blood. Our eastern rim was settled by back-to-the-landers during hard times. Recession of the frontier under pressure of post-war and periodic panics in 1763, 1783, 1819, 1837, and 1884 runs as a central theme through Mr. James Truslow Adams's *Epic of America*. Those were spacious days. There are rash, heroic aspects even to the present back-surge, aspects tempting even level-headed men who know their farming to dash off articles hymning the New Pioneer. I do not deny that an occassional new pioneer may come out of it all a better man and happier. (I feel far sorrier for the woman.) Yet even of these, any transplantation of population is likely to include, along with all the tragically

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uprooted who do not fit into the new environment, a few who fit there perfectly, and so for the first time in their lives are given the chance to win through to self-respect, contentment, and a life of their own.

I am swayed, myself, you will observe at this point, by that curious nostalgia for agricultural pursuits, so typically American, and so paradoxical, when accompanied, as it often is, with a contemptuous conviction that the earth and the people thereof are there in good times and bad as a sort of spacious accessory to urbanism, a mere convenience. But that point of view can no longer be maintained. It worked in the old days, when there was always some new frontier to surge upon and exploit. Now that we have no frontiers, surging is harder to romanticize. We are simply people in a mess, milling around.

To occupy a new strip of country — country, perhaps, which ought never to be occupied — endows with a certain glamour the utmost hardship. The more ordinary successes and failures of back-to-the-landers on the more crowded and depleted lands now generally available are as little glamourous, ordinarily, as a roadside stand. I think of Baron Berhard G. von Rechenberg, page of the Kaiser, major of the Prussian Guard, a post-war refugee on the red, impossible clay of a southern Maryland chicken farm. I think of him sitting gallantly, a dripping old hat on his knee, in the cold front room of a rickety tenant house, telling of his hopes, while the rain beat, drumlike, on the tin-sheeted sides of the house. His wife did not appear. She was in the kitchen cleaning chickens for a special trade they were trying to develop in Washington. The following spring came a break in their luck: money from Germany which they had ceased to expect arrived; they were able to go to Florida where the Baron got a boom job as headwaiter. From there they removed to California, where he is happily lecturing and writing his memoirs, far from hens. I think of a Doctor of Philosophy, thoroughly trained in agriculture, forced at the age of seventy to poultry farming by South Dakota bank failures in 1920. He peddled his produce cheerfully from door to door in the nearest city, and was successful, until his wife's health failed, and then his own.

Max Axelrod of Westfield, Massachusetts, and his wife, started younger. They walked out on factory work in New York when they were still in their early twenties, and in 1913 started chicken farming on seventy-five rough acres for which they promised to pay $1500. "Our first four years," Mr. Axelrod tells me, "were very hard ones. I had to take a factory job. My wife drove me to the trolley at five-thirty every morning, and did all the farm work herself. We kept this up until most of our debts were paid. Now at the end of twenty years' effort we are well-established as successful poultry farmers. But I would not advise most people to try it. They would not be willing to go through what we did."

The man who comes into a farming community from the streets and really shows them something, does, then, exist, but it is equally true that his occurrence is of a sufficient rarity to attract farm-paper reporters from afar. From twenty-odd years of such reporting I can think of still others, but for every one such there are many more like the sick man who put up nine thousand dollars' worth of henhouses on a ridge near-by my boyhood home in Maryland, and died of overwork and exposure within two years. (His buildings stand there yet.) Or like the man who was among the first in our country to buy a tractor. When the thing broke down he would stamp off a little way and throw stones at it. Or like the Baltimore sign-painter, a pitiful fat man in a red undershirt; he stood crying, and not trying to hide it, in an immense, bare, baked California valley. The site the land company had sold him for an orange grove had puddled under irrigation, and he had no legal redress. He had trustfully spent all his money and had crossed the continent, only to — "This!"

IV

From these and other borrowed experiences, and from a youth spent on a farm, as a back-to-the-lander under the happiest of conditions, I assemble four cautionary generalities: 1. Don't try farming for your health, or your wife's health; not if the two of you are so fixed that you have to do most of your own work. You have to be strong to begin with, to stand up to that. 2. Take it slow. Long, sure thoughts beat brilliance in farming. You have to be effectively intelligent in numberless ways — as a hand, a mechanic, a manager, a weather prophet, in veterinary science, engineering,

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practical chemistry, genetics, and so on, endlessly. To be a good talker helps little, if at all. The restless, imaginative temperament quite generally goes to smash. 3. Don't expect independence. A man bosses his own place only in a manner of speaking. Most of his choices are choices made for him by the distant sway of markets, and by the swing of the earth and its weather. 4. Don't expect simplicity. It is city life which really is simple, with all the work specialized and most of it attended to by people you never see. A one-man farm with everything going haywire at once — a cow with milk fever, fence down, the neighbor's horses eating themselves into colic at the expense of your new corn, a child sick, the well dry, and a note due — can be the most complex place in the world to that one man.

If the aspirant with inadequate equipment and funds presses on notwithstanding, one can only bow to rashness, or to necessity, and wish him luck. One may even experience, however unreasonably, a twist of envy to see him stride so manfully back to clean earth, the source of all renewal, for a new start. Never think that because I find no ground for a return to farming, I am insensible to the pull of forces which, long after the current backward wave is over, will be removing us, I believe, in greater numbers out into the country. Breathing the sour air of subways, passing the bundled lines in front of missions, and the almost equal lines of the solvent who besiege movie palaces for a thirty-cent gulp of thin distraction, I yearn as deeply, I think, as anyone for green and quiet places, spaciousness, dignity. So I too have been looking for a farm. I have looked all the way from the serene and drowsy bays of tidewater Maryland to the etched austerity of Vermont. When I find it, and find at the same time the courage to seek a living as a writer that far from New York, that farm will be named "Brier Acres." As a matter of principle, and because I know what it takes to farm, the only crop, so long as strength and the least encouragement be given me, will be manuscript.

Although I do not find them, in their present state of development, ideally attractive, those mixed open country communities of farmers, artists, industrialists, and commuters, which one sees up through the partly abandoned farmlands of our northeastern seaboard, hold, I think, a more permanent hope and meaning than does the call to retreat toward more small, competing farms and a Jeffersonian self-sufficiency which has been sounded so often lately. One tendency seems to me to represent growth, a natural inter-growth of our hitherto separated society; the other, only the impulse of a disillusioned nation to return to its economic and social childhood.

With electric power and high urban rentals tending to decentralize industry, with our massed way of life in cities becoming each year more unseemly and intolerable, with the shadow of wings clipping across the Corn Belt already at a speed which puts quarter-section farmsteads only six seconds apart, I believe that we shall resettle America, and make better use of our 1906 million acres; but less of all that land, rather than more, will be farmed; and fewer of us as time goes on will be farmers.

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The Rocking Chair in History and Criticism

by **BERNARD DE VOTO**

EVERY generation produces a New History. In general, literary people are more unstable than historians and so every publishing season sees a New Criticism. It usually has some existence independent of the blurbs that advertise it, but it perishes before it can attain the indexes of reference works because it is self-limited. Its principles end in suicide and the booths are left clear for next year's novelty. There would be no point in discussing a kind of literary criticism that has become prominent during the last few years if it were a New Criticism. It isn't. It is not self-conscious, it has issued no manifestoes, it is barren of dogmas, and it is not even practiced by professional critics. If it is a movement, then it is one without leadership or guidance — it is spontaneously produced by people too different ever to form a school. It has, however, a principle, a highly revolutionary one. The principle may be stated with appealing brevity: ignorance has no great value for criticism. Or: it doesn't hurt to know what you're talking about.

For reasons that will become apparent, observation of this principle has thrown the critics who accept it into the arms of the historians. It becomes necessary, therefore, to glance at the present status of what was the New History twenty years ago. An academy is a consistory of elders whose function is to resist change while it can be resisted and to accept it as their own idea when it becomes irresistible. Obedient to this duty, the academy of American history has discovered that it practically invented social history. Less than a generation ago a group of revolutionaries carried the stronghold for economics; so rapidly has social history progressed that these same innovators have had to acknowledge, specifically or by the implication of changes in their texts, that the economic interpretation is insufficient.

Dr. Beard was among the leaders of the adventurous group who convinced the academy that the purely political analysis of the American past was hardly more realistic than the myth-making it had displaced. His economic analysis remains an invaluable study of the mechanisms of American life, but when he came to write *The Rise of American Civilization* he conceded that something more was necessary. He produced an introductory chapter that might have been written by Arthur Schlesinger; he constantly discussed subjects which his previous work had ignored and which the social historians had called to his attention; and, more significantly still, his explanation of great movements in American history now rested on a much broader base than the economic determination of his earlier faith. Similarly, Edward Channing had dismissed social history with the amiable remark that "it's nice to know who invented rocking chairs but I'm writing history." Yet the last two volumes of his monumental *History of the United States* were steeped in social history and one of them, Volume V, was, in effect, primarily a discussion of rocking chairs. Historians who were a good deal more active in their opposition than Professor Channing have quietly rewritten their texts to incorporate the findings of social history. Very wisely.

Now that the alarm of the academy has been stilled and the innovators have been accepted at table, it is clear that social history does not threaten to degrade knowledge. Its earlier champions had some charlatans among them, just as there were fools among their denouncers, but the effect has been to make history more rigorous rather than to vulgarize it.

Social history merely substitutes a complex analysis for a simple one. Is prostitution wholly

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comprehensible in economic terms? Does a study of land-laws and debtor-classes convey the whole truth about the westward movement? Were the first ten years of the Republican party wholly a political phenomenon, wholly an economic phenomenon, or wholly a politico-economic phenomenon? Can one understand our past without thinking of bathtubs (and rocking chairs), baseball, big game hunting, revival meetings, crank religions, excited women whining hymns by torchlight before corner saloons, the emotions nourished by the books of Emerson Bennett and Augusta Holmes? Such questions answer themselves. The determination of social history is to employ an analysis that will go beyond the political form and the economic mechanism of American life and utilize such forces as these for a sounder, more realistic understanding of our past. There can be no doubt that it succeeds. Whether self-consciously or not, all writers of American history to-day are social historians — and American history is more realistic and more trustworthy to-day than ever before. Seven of the contemplated twelve volumes of *The History of American Life* have been published, the first comprehensive statement of the results of social history. When the other five are out, a type will have been set. That kind of American history will be dominant henceforth.

Where History and Literature Meet

There is no boundary between history and literature; each holds a large part of its field in common with the other. Emerson's "American Scholar" — most professional critics begin their careers by rewriting it — recognizes the mutual effort. But the use of history has not often proved possible to critics of American literature. Such men as Barrett Wendell and John Macy worked with the methods of social history, but they had few disciples. The criticism of American literature has been mostly pedagogical or metaphysical. Pedagogical criticism has succeeded in codifying the alleged "sources" and "influence" behind practically everything ever written on this continent, but its unfruitfulness makes it repugnant to vigorous minds. It separates literature from life.

Metaphysical criticism ends in the same separation. Let Humanism serve as an example; it is by no means the most objectionable form, but it is the best known. Humanists — such elder ones as Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt at least — seldom bother to consider an American book. Mr. More appears to have read a number of Americans and it seems clear that he approves of Emerson. (He approves of him because Emerson read the Buddhists, whereas Mr. Babbitt disapproves of him because he misunderstood them.) But mostly the Humanists ignore American literature because it is all in the Romantic tradition, which they abhor. When they do deal with it, they merely denounce it. They have buried Walt Whitman in unsanctified ground, for instance, on the considerations that his poetry contains "romantic excess," that it is not dedicated to decorum or governed by the inner check, that it is monistic, that it departs from approved forms, and that it praises behavior which gives a Humanist cold shivers. From the point of view I am discussing, the last of these considerations seems wholly irrelevant, and the others seem matters of description only, not of judgment.

If the new criticism (the reader will grant me the convenience of the term) rejects metaphysical criteria, what analysis does it employ? The question is fair; the answer is very simple. It employs the analysis of social history. It assumes that in some degree, Walt Whitman, for instance, was a product of the time and society in which he lived; that in some degree his sentiments and thinking were conditioned by the time and society; that in some degree he expressed both; and that in some degree a part of his age exists in his poetry. Its effort is to determine the degree. In short, it assumes that literature is an expression of life, a form of relationship, and it tries to determine the nature of the relationship. It analyzes the *effective* meaning of a writer or a book. What sentiments find expression? What part or parts of society do they represent? To what ideas, beliefs, hopes, fears, ambitions, superstitions of the society do they correspond? From what national — or sectional or local — experience do they arise? What persons, classes, regions, or interests agreed or disagreed with them, approved or disapproved, found expression or opposition in them?

These should be the commonplace inquiries of criticism, yet they are the very ones that American criticism has neglected to make.

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They are within the field of social history, yet the earliest attempts to apply them to American literature, in revulsion from the barren criticism of the academy, were made by men who neglected to employ the methods of history. They proposed to study American literature in relation to the American past, but they derived their knowledge of the past by the method of metaphysics — by the substitution of *a priori* generalizations for investigation. The critic opened his arms to history but filled them with theory — generous and idealistic theory, no doubt, but a mere derivative of faith.

There was an amazing lag between history and the critics who considered themselves historians. Twenty-odd years before Waldo Frank and Van Wyck Brooks undertook to study American literature in relation to the frontier, Professor Turner and scores of his colleagues had begun a systematic study of frontier life. They had completed it before Messrs. Brooks and Frank began their labor and had put at the disposal of anyone who cared to use it a realistic knowledge of frontier life which it is impossible to controvert. Yet the frontier as criticism presents it in the work of Brooks and Frank has nothing in common with the historians' frontier, being a deduction from metaphysical, political, and economic principles adopted *a priori*. A similar lag appears in the brilliant study which Mr. Calverton has published within the last few months. Mr. Calverton's knowledge of history is much greater than that of the men I have been discussing, and yet he studies the national literature solely as a product of the class-struggle — a good many years after history has decided that such an analysis is too simple, naïve, and unrealistic to describe the American past. Similarly, Mr. Lewisohn's *Expression in America*. Mr. Calverton recognizes historical realities; Mr. Lewisohn does not grant them the recognition even of denial — he ignores them. Mr. Frank spoke of "the Frontier" as a uniformity, simple, unchanging in quality or characteristics, and of "pioneers" as robots stamped identically from homogeneous material. In the same way, Mr. Lewisohn speaks of "Puritanism" as a single force which germinates the same ideas and distills the same poison through two centuries and over a whole map. If Mr. Frank had used the method of history, if for instance he had examined any given ten square miles in any given decade of "the Frontier," to determine what kinds of people lived there and how and why, he could not have made his preposterous generalization. A similar study of the life which Mr. Lewisohn's historical shorthand calls "Puritanism" would have shown him the wild and romantic unreality of his analysis.

Two characteristics of such critics show that their effort is metaphysical: their demand for unity, and their passion. Their systems explain everything, bringing disparate things into harmony by means of some mystical ferment that transcends experience. And they all denounce the past. History is full of things that they earnestly wish had been otherwise and so they condemn it.

That is why those who share the historical interest of these men but lack their metaphysics are likely to do more for criticism. They work without the need of unity — they seek only a realistic description of the facts. If the facts prove to be disparate, why, let them be. History does not need perfect and universal systems, and neither does criticism. They believe that it must learn to dispense with passion also. The person who works himself into a sweat because the past was not something other than it was is not a historian and, they insist, cannot be a critic. One must begin the inquiry without a thesis; one must pursue it without passion. A critic is entitled to be a behaviorist, a Communist, or an Elk, as a historian may be a cornetist and a bacteriologist a Presbyterian. But the bacteriologist who studied spirochetes in the light of the Westminster Confession would be a fool, and the critic who uses his metaphysics as a fact-finding instrument in history is — a propagandist.

Life and Letters

This criticism, then, proposes a reexamination of American literature in relation to American life. As I have said, the proposal is not new; the difference is that some critics, nearly all of them amateurs, have now consented to study history. As a result, the understanding of American literature has taken a prodigious step forward. It is inexpedient to itemize this progress. Such a book as Constance Rourke's *American Humor* is distinguished from all earlier studies in its field by a use of history that for the first time indicates a relation between

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the national life and the national humor. Mr. Grattan has superseded all earlier authorities about Henry James because Mr. Grattan knows, and uses, history. Professor Forsythe, treating Herman Melville only in part, has already put the discussion of Melville's books on a plane of realism it had not before achieved. Professor Wade, in his own studies and in the work of his students, is fruitfully exploiting a field of great importance. Mr. Matthiessen's study of Sarah Orne Jewett, though brief, exhibits the type at its purest. Mr. Beer's *Stephen Crane* and *The Mauve Decade* are already classics. Such writers as these are so diverse in interest and temperament that they cannot possibly be regarded as a school, and it is unlikely that they are in any real sense influenced by one another's work. They are not an "-ism" and they are not a clique. They are bound together only by a belief, probably unformulated, that the study of literature is fruitful in direct proportion to its utilization of history.

The movement has gone far enough to recognize potential dangers. The first of these is the possibility that æsthetics may be slighted. At present, practically all of those who are using the new instruments took them up because they had found æsthetics insufficient, not because they were ignorant of it. Their success, however, may attract to the field people who are unacquainted with or indifferent to æsthetic values. It will constantly be essential to insist that history cannot take the place of æsthetic criticism but can only illuminate and enrich it. Another danger is inherent in the material that the movement deals with. An enormous mass of data regarding the past of American literature never hitherto examined is certain to be brought to light. Practically all of it will be important for history — for the interpretation of our taste, our social institutions, and our social life. But precisely the qualities that make a book "alive" for the social historian, its myriad interrelations with the life of its time, may sometimes make it insignificant for criticism. The great writer is likely to transcend the ideas and sentiments of his society more than his lesser contemporaries do. The inescapable linkages of that relationship are sufficient to make social history indispensable in understanding him, but he will have fewer of them than inferior writers do and so may be less useful to history. Criticism must therefore refuse to merge its efforts wholly with those of the social historians. In general it must avoid the literature which history would be most eager for it to deal with.

A third danger is the likelihood that it will attract people incapable of using its analysis. The doctrinaire, the fervent and passionate, the theoretical, are disqualified by their nature; so too are all those who have something to prove. In their hands and in the hands of the impatient or the half-educated, the analysis will be disastrous. History is the longest of the arts, and the social historian must be something of a biographer, an economist, a pathologist, a climatologist, and a geographer as well. He must be competent to use such diverse instruments as folklore, music, medicine, and mechanics when they will serve him. He must, in short, be willing to serve an apprenticeship in labor, patience, and boredom that is not often agreeable to the critical mind. Anyone who is unwilling to serve the apprenticeship will only end by debauching his subject.

Nevertheless, whatever the limitation of its methods and whatever the dangers it risks, criticism by means of social history is full of promise. It is making an examination of American literature which is certain to be more realistic and likely to be more fruitful than any other yet attempted. It will be able to place the discussion of our literature on an objective basis for the first time. It will offer an alternative to theoretical guessing in the discussion of literature — perhaps it will even diminish the amount of passionate but ignorant vituperation now expended on the great dead. That, heaven knows, is enough to justify the movement, but there is a possibility of even more. In bringing to light the relationship between literature and the sentiments of its times, the new criticism offers an objective standard of judgment. No one pretends that it is a final standard or that the criterion thus established is universally valid or takes account of all values. Still, it is objective and it does reveal continuities. In our time æsthetic criticism has reached an impasse. Carried to a rigorous conclusion by such thinkers as Krutch and Richards, it has announced a complete subjectivism, a complete anarchy. That any kind of objective criterion can be set up suggests that such a relativity is not the end of the matter. Criticism may still have a legitimate object.

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I've Got to Take a Chance

by **FRANK BUNCE**

I

Two years ago I was precipitated into the squirming mass of the unemployed and there, with the exception of a few weeks of itinerant farm work which enabled me during part of each summer to pay my own way, I have remained ever since. Now, by a piece of extraordinary good fortune, I have the means and the opportunity to tell what those two years have done to me. That is, for a week or two I shall have a room to myself, something to eat, and a typewriter.

No one, I least of all, could tell the significance of my personal case record. That is dependent upon two factors as yet unpredictable: First, whether the clouds of depression are lifting, as the newspapers just now jubilantly are proclaiming, and second, whether any considerable number of the other men out of jobs share my own reactions.

As to the first I know nothing, to the second only hazard a guess. Though I have mingled with the other unemployed, eaten from their jungle pots or off their kitchen tables, slept with them in haystacks, the open fields, on the harsh floors of missions, seen them wistful, sad, fierce, exultant, I cannot say with authority just what their mental and emotional state is. So far as I know, most of them may be wounded only superficially. They may still look into the future with zest and hope, they may have retained the old creeds and codes that are essential to the amity of humans dwelling together, they may even, in the best tradition of the romantic novelists of the soul, have been uplifted by suffering, ennobled by misery. But if not, if one or five or seven millions have undergone a metamorphosis, spiritual and emotional, like mine, then our threat to society is immediate and immense. For I say without any attempt at melodrama, viewing myself as dispassionately as any man's ego will permit, that I have lost my loyalties to my country, to God, to mankind, that having lived like an animal, I am taking on the ethics of an animal; that I have become, in short, a public menace.

I do not want to commit a crime. For twenty-five years I lived decently, if not religiously, and in my formative years I was taught not to steal, not to kill, not to maim or hurt, to be generous, loyal, kindly. Later, from my reading, from conversations, sermons, and lectures I learned the necessity for so living. But in my veins runs the hot blood of some of my possible billions of ancestors who loved life and took what was necessary to sustain it: food, the most edible and accessible, when they were hungry; a mate when the call to procreation became powerful another's cave when their own was sealed by a landslide or wrecked by a storm; and that other's life if he resisted. And I know that again rendered homeless, again hungry, lousy, ragged, cold, upbraided, insulted, as I have been many times in the past two years, I shall sooner or later do about as they did.

Some will tell me that if I am a beggar I should blame myself, not society, because "nothing ever happens to a man that isn't in some way his own fault," that in going from place to place I am violating the express wishes of society which through the newspapers, the social agencies, and the billboards has commanded men in my situation to return to our own home towns. Discounting the personal bias, I maintain that such persons are wrong.

If I were to go to the Yucatan jungles, build a house, raise my own food, make my own clothes, buy nothing, sell nothing, police my own property, and pay no taxes, I then would survive or perish on my own merits as a man. But a handful of others coming in to form a community of which I would be a part would soon begin to take control of my destiny. And the more highly industrialized, hence more intricate and complex, the society in which I live the less independent I am. The ill-judged

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votes of men I had nothing to do with electing, the bad judgment of the superintendent of the factory where I work or the president of the bank I use, the wild betting of men I never saw on the floor of a stock exchange I have never entered may cost me my job and reduce me to pauperism.

It is the second charge which most irritates the wanderer. It seems so beautifully logical to the Relief Committees and their echoes that men should stay in their own back yards that they have spent some time and, I suppose, money in trying to persuade people not to succor us. Hence, anyone feels free to scold, scorn, question, and advise us. But we're not on the road by choice; it's hard compulsion. We're foraging animals in thin pastures and we have to cover an incredible lot of territory to keep alive.

Drawing by James Daugherty

II

My own case is probably as representative as anyone's. Up to a certain point I could almost sit, I guess, for a portrait of the Average American in the Great Depression.

I was born in an Illinois town of 3500. My father, a deputy sheriff, was shot and killed by a lunatic when I was eleven. Lacking the acquisitive instinct, he had left little of either property or money, but, with the help of my sister, we managed to get along until I had finished high school. The subject which had most interested me was mechanical drawing, and soon after my graduation I went to work as a cub draftsman for a manufacturing concern of moderate size located in a Chicago suburb. In the following year my mother died and the expenses of the funeral consumed about all of the estate. My sister had died two years before, so I was left without any close kin. I give these prosy details because they answer a question which many of my inquisitors ask me: "But surely there must be someone who can help you . . . ?"

I considered college, but decided against it. I was making the acquaintance of some college men, and it seemed to me that they had thrown their educations into the bureau drawer along with their sheepskins. And I felt no yearning toward any of the professions. Tool designing interested me just as much as pulling teeth, cutting off gangrened toes, or splitting legal hairs. So I worked along, got mildly drunk every fortnight or so, fell in love three or four times a year, boxed, played some semi-professional baseball and football, read a great deal, and even did some serious studying.

Three years after I had started to work I felt the need for more money and began to look about with a view to bettering myself. After answering a few advertisements I tentatively accepted an offer from an Eastern concern at a considerably better wage. But the superintendent, when I went to him to tender my resignation, dissuaded me.

"Stick with us, and we'll do the right thing by you, my boy," he said. "You won't better yourself any by quitting us, even though this new offer may look tempting. We're giving you some intangibles, you know, not listed on the pay check."

These intangibles, it appeared, were certainty of employment, financial aid in case of illness or accident, and sundry vague old-age provisions. And then, too, he hinted, there was such a thing as loyalty to one's company. . . . So I stayed.

The stock market impressed me, as I suppose it did most others, only as an interesting phenomenon. I hadn't gambled; what difference would it make to me? But after a while I began to note that the queue of men waiting outside the employment office was growing longer every morning. Then the newspapers, very cautiously at first, began to admit that there was some slight depression in industry. A few men were laid off at our plant. They never came back to work, but meeting a few of them on the street, I learned that conditions were bad. Still, everyone was optimistic. By summer, the situation would right itself; the administration gave the depression thirty days

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to live. So I didn't worry. And besides, hadn't the superintendent promised to take care of me?

Then I was laid off. There is a subtle distinction, I find, between being laid off and being fired. In one case you're just turned loose for an indefinite vacation without pay; in the other, it is necessary to find something wrong with your work and customary, generally, to give you two weeks' pay. The office manager, of course, was apologetic and generous with cheerful assurances. We wouldn't be off for long. Just as soon as orders began coming in again, we'd all be back at work. We needn't bother about coming around; when they wanted us, they'd send a letter.

I waited for that letter all through a not unpleasant summer, but by the next September I was getting worried. My money was about gone, and a trip back to the factory showed me that of a force of 500 or 600 only a few score were left. So I went job hunting.

After dreary hours in the cluttered aisles of the government employment offices, I tried the pay places. The reputable ones were honest; they told me they would do the best they could to place me at something, but they couldn't guarantee or even promise anything. There were others not so reputable. Three of these took my money and sent me out on false leads; in one instance I was obliged to take a greedy fellow and turn him upside down and shake it out of him to get my money back. I wrote letters, I tramped hundreds of blocks to answer ads, I tried for jobs as teamster, clothing model, wringer man, floor walker, garbage collector, truck driver. I wrote a Civil Service examination. I made ten dollars painting the ceiling of a barber shop. I managed an interview with my former superintendent, but he didn't remember me very well. I lived on a loaf of bread for ten days and then my money was all gone.

I should, then, have made the kindly old couple with whom I had roomed carry me until their money was all gone too. I should have harrassed friendly restaurants for meal tickets which I had no assurance of ever being able to pay for. I should have put the touch on my friends, my relatives. So, at least, some gratuitous advisers and social workers have led me to believe. But I had a little pride left. I packed up — most of my belongings were in soak so this wasn't difficult — and told everyone I had a job out of town.

At the employment offices I had become acquainted with men who were living in the free flophouses and eating in the soup lines. So I knew what to do. I don't remember that it was so very hard to ask charity, perhaps because you get numbed to these things in advance, perhaps because I'm fairly adaptable.

At the welfare center the woman behind the desk asked me many questions, including where I was born. At the termination of the interview she handed me a ticket entitling me to one week's free lodging and soup twice a day. That, she said, would be all she could do for me; the ticket could not be renewed. For further assistance I'd have to go back to my own home town. When I protested that that would be impossible and attempted to explain why, she smiled and said (I've heard it so many times since!) "But surely there must be *some* place. . . ."

III

I was fastidious then, I guess, for I thought the municipal shelter where I spent the next week a pocket edition of Purgatory. Later though, shivering at night on the floors of box cars or missions, I was to look back on it as a green Elysium. Quarters had been provided for us at one of the condemned municipal buildings. Pallets, of cornhusks I believe, thrown down in the chambers and corridors floors upon floor, were our beds. At daybreak we were awakened, regimented into files, and sent outdoors to wait for breakfast. This consisted of about a half-pint of soup in a tin can, and a hunk of bread. No spoons were provided. If you hadn't one of your own, you waited for the can to cool, then drank your soup. You ate standing, then went back to the end of the line and, if early and fortunate, you got a second, smaller helping. Supper of soup and bread was at five. We lined up for bed at nine.

In forty-eight hours I was lousy and so hungry that I would have relished a snake. Then the clamor of my stomach forced me to do as the others did. After breakfast at our flophouse we would hurry over to another charity where we got some more soup and bread. Then we legged it forty-seven blocks to the South Side where a church dispensed coffee and bread. From thence we rushed back nineteen blocks to another church which started feeding dinner at eleven. If lucky, we got around in time to

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get a second dinner at another place two miles further uptown. That left us about two hours in mid-afternoon to rest, to panhandle tobacco money, or to read such scraps of old newspapers as we were able to pick up.

On my seventh morning as he punched my ticket one of the supervisors warned: "Your last day here, Buddy. We can't hold you any longer. Git movin'."

So I got movin'. I walked out of town without any concern about where I was going, except that I thought I had better head South where the weather would better suit my clothing. When I got hungry I consoled myself with the thought that the average American eats too much anyhow. That night I crawled into a closed car interred in an open front lot and dozed between bouts of shadow boxing to keep my blood circulating.

Next day I began to fall in with other derelicts. Some, like myself, were new to the game and hesitant about admitting that they were on the road. One, I remember, said he had missed the bus and "it was faster to walk." I saw him later in Memphis.

It is the first couple of weeks of tramping that hurt a man most. Added to the uneasiness of any animal in a strange environment is the human feeling of depravity from his beggar's status. One talks badly, goes hungry for unnecessarily long periods of time, walks needlessly after nightfall, goes blocks out of his way to avoid policemen. I recall that, when I finally brought myself to hit my first back door for a breakfast, I told the people a clumsy compound of lies about a job waiting for me in Tennessee, a post office remittance that hadn't reached me yet, and a wildly improbable tale of my past life. Later I grew more glib and plausible. My favorite story now is that I am going to see an uncle who is always about two or three hundred miles away, no matter what particular section of the country I chance to be in.

Once, and once only, during these two years have I experimented with telling the truth. I raked a yard for a white-haired old Southern lady, and she sat me down to a good meal of fat-back, turnip greens, hot biscuits, and drip coffee. She asked me the customary questions and I grimly gave her straight answers. I said that I didn't quite know where I was going, nor did it matter a great deal, and attempted to explain why. I admitted that I did not know when, if ever, I would get another job, that, considering the statistics showing 520,000 jobless men in a city of 3,000,000, 4000 in a town of 20,000, and so on, I had almost concluded that job hunting was a waste of breath, time, and shoe leather. I was merely holding on, I said, and waiting for the breaks. The lecture she read me was so severe and her indignation so heated (though I had paid for my meal with my work) that I never tried being honest again. After all, there are conventions even for beggars.

I carefully avoided my birthplace, though it lay not far off the highway I traveled. This, though even that early people who gave me lifts or fed me were advising me to "go back home." What, I wondered, would they have me do? Blithely chisel quarters from old schoolmates? Circulate at the back doors of people who knew your mother, and yourself when you were in rompers? Borrow money from relatives almost as impecunious as yourself with the remark: "Well, I may never be able to pay this back, but I gotta live. When this is gone, I'll come around again"? Or just crawl into a hole and starve?

As I went along, I learned. A 'bo who had been on the road for seventeen years showed me how to boil my clothes free from lice. From drifters going in directions opposite to mine I began to inquire where the flops and soup lines were. A bitter thirty hours without food in the Mississippi hill country taught me never to leave a town with an empty stomach. One night of walking the pavements convinced me of the danger of stating candidly your religious beliefs to a mission worker inquiring after the state of your soul. And the most important lesson of all was that if I wanted to avoid freezing nights in the streets or fields I could not stay more than one night in each town.

But it took a whole year or more to teach me not to look for work. That first winter I made long furious trips to Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Seattle, and other spots where someone had assured me that a vague "they" were putting on men. I nearly starved getting into and out of Eagle Pass, Texas, where an irrigation canal was being dug, went paralyzed with cold for days on end traveling with a rig builder to the once-flourishing fields of Sun Burst, Montana, where we hoped to get jobs. I

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squandered occasional windfalls of four-bit pieces that should have gone for socks, razor blades, or tobacco to buy stationery and stamps for letters of application. I wasted time that should have been spent in getting on to the next good flop in annoying harrassed employment managers. It took a long time to make a Wise Stiff of me.

A Wise Stiff is one who has sensibly resigned himself to the futility of looking for more than the merest means of sustenance. He knows the good pastures, such rare places as Des Moines and Dallas where the one-night-only commandment is not strictly enforced, and in the coldest weather he hugs the Gulf Coast and the lower Rio Grande Valley and blandly boos the boys who are going sleepless and hungry to get to Toledo or Detroit where things are picking up. He has devised a puncture-proof story, all false including the name and pedigree, to justify his malingering. He has the formula for getting a little money on the street and second-grade vegetables and meats from the stores. He can make you think that he hasn't been on the road more than a few weeks, because his clothes are reasonably clean, if rumpled and shabby, and he has his lines pat and doesn't stutter.

IV

But I make a bad bum. I am twenty-seven and all appetites. I'd like to order a good dinner, cake up a Dunhill, date a pretty girl. I want a bed to sleep in, some books, and a bit of privacy. I don't like feet in my face or another man's breath on the back of my neck. I'm sick of soup. I don't like to eat sitting on back porches or standing, with a bowl in my hand, where the curious and ill-mannered can look and point. I want to give my muscles a gymnasium workout. I am twenty-seven. I ought to have a wife and the expectancy of a child. I should have a home that I am paying for and some sort of automobile. I ought to be permitted the illusion that I am doing useful work.

It is easy to say that there are others worse off than I. But does it comfort me to see the man across the fire half-crazy with worry because he doesn't know how the wife and four children he left at home are faring? Does the sight of a beaten couple with two pinched babies thumbing rides to a destination as vague as my own cheer me? Or should I feel any more kindly toward society because I know that a city of 100,000, where half the population is affected by unemployment this winter, is spending less for the relief of its jobless than a millionaire pays for his yacht?

If it were necessary — if there were famine, if I were a genius, an explorer, a martyr — I could endure cold and hunger, even degradation and insults, without a murmur. I am rugged or I shouldn't now be alive and out of jail. But it is all so utterly unnecessary, there is so little for me to look forward to, that I am beginning to think that it isn't worth while to keep straight. The best I could look for, as a reward for going through another winter, or three or five, like the last two, would be a job, somewhere, sometime. And then could I feel secure? Another depression might catch me with no more resources than I had this time.

Of course I'm not planning any crime. But three men who were with me on the road last winter are now, I chance to know, in the penitentiary. They weren't planning crimes either. Some of the boys have turned male prostitutes; the perverts find easy plucking these days. Crime, I consider, is more manly than that. And at times I think that crime is more manly than a tame submission to a condition of life that has permanently scarred and degraded me.

Let any bunch of men get together tomorrow for any demonstration no matter how doomed I know it to be in advance, whether to break windows in the chain stores, to get $100 a day for two hours' work, muss up the White House lawn, or grab Henry Ford and nail him to a stump and push him over backward — I'll take up the nearest cobblestone and join them. And get me cold enough and hungry enough and bored and sick with futility, and I'll probably decide to take a chance. I don't know the technique of robbing banks, but I could swing a length of gas pipe on a fat fellow stepping out of a Packard. I'm going to have to do something soon to show that I'm still alive. If there's any such thing as a preventative medicine for crime, society should dose me at once. Or if a man can be arrested because of his potentialities, society to protect itself should put me in jail. Viewing myself objectively, I see that I have become a menace. Sooner or later, I guess I'm going to take a chance.

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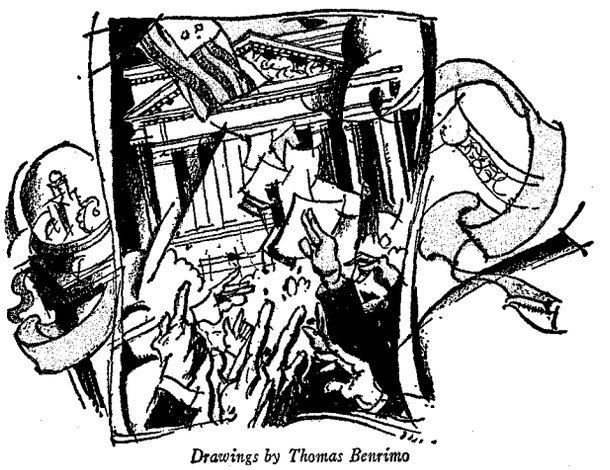
Hollywood Pays

Proving You Can't Fool All of the People All of the Time



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

***by* DALTON TRUMBO**

It is one of the anachronisms of the current depression that the American movie magnate stands out as the only person of consequence who has gone through it without losing stature. This, of course, must be attributed to the fact that he hadn't any in the first place. Even while he wallowed in a shower of gold that seemed inexhaustible, he was credited with little more intelligence than a moderately healthy paramecium. While Herbert Hoover, Charlie Schwab, and Irving Fisher were the glorified wet nurses of a stock market that would rise forever, the movie producer was only a simple dub.

He still is a simple dub; but it becomes increasingly apparent that during those lush years when he was bastinadoed unceasingly as the idiot boy of capitalism, he was being cruelly maligned. No one now questions that he measures up in every way with his brothers in steel and motors, radio and textiles. In running his business into the ground, he but fulfilled the confident expectations of his critics. That he presently finds himself a bed-fellow with the big shots of the late Utopia does not indicate that he has risen in the world, but merely that the others have fallen to their natural level.

Out of the preposterous mêlée that now is Hollywood, one fact, however, arises to make hideous the slumbers of many a Wall Street Croesus. It has been demonstrated lamentably and beyond dispute that the simplest movie producer can make a financial monkey out of the smartest banker who ever contemplated twelve per cent interest. It has been proved time and again, is being proved still, and — such is the capacity of Wall Street for punishment — it will be proved in a bigger and better fashion during months and years to come. It comprises the merriest chapter of Hollywood's amazing history. Its choicest incidents never will be told, chiefly because they are so dark and devious that the principals always will shroud them in mystery. A lesser reason for them being denied to the American public lies with the ingenuity of West Coast auditors and accountants, who, with a skill amounting to downright magic, can produce on order either profit or loss from the same set of figures. But the broad outlines of the happy tale are written in mile-high letters from Los Angeles to New York.

Strange Intercourse

The beginnings of the story must be traced back to those days when the motion picture industry was the most fabulous proposition on the face of the earth. A little group of pants-pressers, second-hand dealers, and assorted nobodies, who possessed more imagina-

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tion and resourcefulness than the best brains of the country, seized the reins of the business and guided it to an apex which was attained in the late nineteen-twenties. Being in on a racket which could not fail, they piled up fortunes. Moreover, they paid stupendous salaries even for the lowest labor, encircled the globe with their product, and established themselves, not unassumingly, as typical giants of the New Era.

The very gaudiness of their rise and the princely proportions of their new estate were calculated to infest the heart of any decent money-lender with the cankers of regret. They made so much money that they truckled to no one — a condition which the bankers were bound to regard as the machination of Satan. There was no God over Wall Street when a bunch of louts could stumble onto such an El Dorado. The coy overtures of Big Business to the new demigods were brusquely refused. So Big Business sat itself down on its bags of gold and, through heavily veiled lids, watched the antics of the newcomers.

Then occurred a series of amazing changes. The producers began to dream dreams and to see visions. They became aware of the stock market, and carted a large chunk of their profits into New York brokerage offices. They beheld with glittering eyes the profits which exhibitors were amassing, and forthwith proceeded to rectify the situation. The great theater war began, continuing until every city in the United States was overseated by approximately one-third. It was a sorry producer who couldn't point at least to two hundred cathedrals of flicker showing his product exclusively. And finally, speech came to the screen. The equipment for this device was exceedingly costly, and had a curious way of becoming obsolete the moment it was installed. The limitations of speech were so pronounced that, from the outset, they appeared certain to demolish the foreign market which previously had been an item of major importance. And finally, the technique of the talkie was so different from that of the old motion picture that a completely new régime had to be installed.

At this point, the producers found that they needed money. Playing the stock market, building theaters, and cutting their throats with sound discs constituted a triple load which they were unable to bear. With trusting hearts they went to Wall Street, and they found that thoroughfare as movie-struck as a Sauk Center débutante. There ensued a great flirtation, coy at first, violent in its later stages. If the producers had not been so naïve they might have sensed that the bankers were a trifle overeager; but so enchanted were they with having tens of millions produced at their slightest whim that they could think of their bankers in none but the tenderest fashion. They had, it appeared, discovered the only source of money more prolific than the movies.

As the bankers became increasingly bound up in motion picture production, however, they began to make alarming suggestions. It would be necessary, they pointed out pedagogically, to call a halt to the orgies of extravagance. There must be no more nonsense. Fundamental business principles must be applied. A new set-up appeared within studio gates to confound the old owners. Playwrights shoved aside scenarioists; legitimate stars were imported to displace silent favorites; damp-eared lads from Syracuse and Schenectady, mouthing incomprehensible jargon about sound frequencies, supplanted the authority of directors; and high-powered financial wizards horned in at producer conferences.

At first all of this worked out very well. The producers had the simple choice of liking it or lumping. A great light had descended upon Hollywood, and inefficiency was to be driven out forever. The mountains of money brought in by the first talkies elated the bankers so highly that they plunged even more heavily. Hesitant producers who not yet had come to Wall Street were courted assiduously. Eventually they all came. And shortly after the last of them was up to his neck in Wall Street loans, strange sounds went up from the hinterlands. The gasps of astonishment and admiration which first had greeted talking pictures changed to outraged squawks.

To complicate matters, the Coolidge market went Hoover about the same time the bucolics deserted the cinema. Picture receipts flopped alarmingly. The average run of a talkie was discovered to be less than one-half that of its silent predecessor. Thus, twice as many had to be made to keep the theaters filled. One morning the bankers awakened to the ghastly realization that they had moved in on motion pictures at the precise time when cost had

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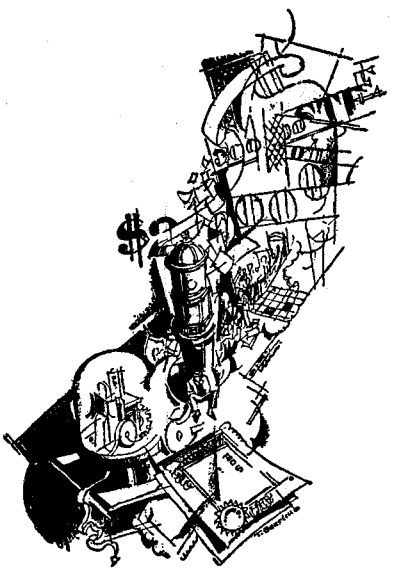
doubled and patronage had taken it on the lam. A few of them swallowed their losses and beat a retreat. But the greater number, stringing along with Mr. Hoover and the professional optimists in the belief that sixty days would tell the tale, threw more money in the pot to protect their original loans. Soon they were in so far that withdrawal was impossible. In vain they importuned their efficiency experts and sound engineers in Hollywood to do something about it. There was nothing, it appeared, which could be done. The financiers had gone a-whoring after a golden goose and had annexed only a voracious white elephant. As a final resort they appealed directly to the producers who but a short time before had been appealing to them.



This was the moment for which the erstwhile owners had been waiting. With loud trumpeting they stepped into the breach. The playwrights were relegated to dialogue work. The legitimate stars for the most part folded their tents and stole away. Prop boys and assistant directors, given new encouragement, proved that they knew more about pictures than the smartest electrician Syracuse ever sheltered, and thereafter the technicians were confined closely to their laboratories. In short, everything — aside from the arrival of sound — was as it had been in the old days, with one important exception: the producers no longer had to foot the bills. And thus was completed the conquest of Hollywood by Big Business.

Milking the Capitalist

Recently I had the opportunity to study a microcosm of this process in assisting at an investigation — really a post-mortem — of one of the smaller companies. An eastern capitalist had bought into the concern a few years before, filled with zeal at the thought of imparting efficiency to its organization and reaping a fortune from it. He could not put his business associates — men whom he knew and trusted — into his picture company, because they knew nothing of pictures. He therefore was forced to make his choice from the ranks of the very men who had placed the company in such a weak financial position that the banker originally had been enabled to buy it.

We were following the winding trail of the most recently ousted production head. He had, it developed, sold the company everything from his wife's discarded lingerie to his own used automobiles — all at top prices. He had gone out in the market, purchased for himself obsolete and dismantled equipment, and sold it in turn to his employer for an enormous profit. He had truckled with contracts, rents, and stories. Nothing, it seemed, had passed through his hands without a portion of it sticking. Moreover, the company had turned out such abominable pictures during his régime that even the trade magazines had panned them — a rare thing in the movie press. The banker, fighting desperately along a dozen different industrial fronts, finally resigned as angel of the company. His experiment cost him, at the outside, no more than seven million dollars. He was one of the lucky.

The Wrigley estate and Mr. Taxicab Hertz, now powers in the Paramount organization, lead the fight for efficiency and economy in that company. It would seem that they lost at least one point when they paid their former west coast production head, B. P. Schulberg — a thoroughly competent executive as movie executives go — the reported sum of $190,000 to quit his job. Nothing, it is safe to hazard, ever happened in the chewing gum or taxi citadels to equal the generosity of that action. RKO-Pathé and RKO-Radio, the disgraced godchildren of Hiram Brown, have been combined, expanded, reorganized, refinanced, digested, belched up, and digested again by the various parent companies until nothing short of the Secret Service can trace each move. Fox Pictures has borrowed so many millions from Chase National Bank that it begins to be a serious question whether Chase controls Fox or Fox controls Chase. The sum involved — between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000 — belongs to the realm of war reparations.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the dignified old

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lady of Hollywood, has been much more secretive and much more discreet in her amatory moments with Wall Street, although a slash of thirty-five per cent in all large salaries hardly can be used as material for a happiness hour. The warring Warner Brothers made an early mistake which now is causing them untold anguish. They put a great deal of their own personal funds into their enterprises while the others were rushing east. In consequence, they haven't the bankers in so tough a spot as their rivals, and, try though they may, it is exceedingly difficult for them to maneuver the money barons into line at this late hour. Universal, under Uncle Carl Laemmle, appears to be following a level course for the excellent reason that it has avoided most of the financial — although none of the artistic — pitfalls which entrapped the others.

Each season the representatives of New York banks make a solemn pilgrimage to Hollywood. They are wined and dined, they make graceful speeches, they poke wisely about their respective lots, and they depart. Two secretaries and a gateman are fired from each studio immediately after these visits, and then the boys gather round to split up the latest loan. The banks may gnash their teeth and cry out to high heaven, but the picture nabobs, squatted on the golden hills of Beverly, find nothing to become excited about. Recently I spoke to a lesser executive about financial conditions in the studios. He assured me that they weren't so bad as people supposed, adding, with charming naïveté, "because we really have plenty of money, you see." And of course he is right. His company has only to call for money to receive it. If gold is not forthcoming immediately, there is dark talk of inability to meet production schedules. This frightens the bankers out of their wits, and they capitulate for as many more millions as the boys want.

The truth of the matter is so simple that the obtuse minds of bankers never will be able to grasp it. A banker buying into a steel corporation purchases, fundamentally, physical assets. He can determine in advance by analysis and test precisely what quality of steel the concern produces, and, logically, will produce in the future. Motion pictures are not quite so easy. Each picture is a leap in the dark. There is no way of testing it beforehand. Uniformity — that great god of quantity production — is impossible. The making of a picture essentially is the gamble of a picture intellect against public taste. In so far as studios are concerned, all of them possess the equipment with which to produce perfect pictures. The loans which the bankers made to the industry were not, primarily, loans against physical assets, but rather, loans against motion picture brains. And at the moment the bankers stepped in, those motion picture brains against which they were securing a first lien were being confronted with a completely new problem — the talking picture.

Hollywood's "Greatest Season"

The first talking pictures, which should be taken as mere exercises in technique, were horrible. After the novelty had worn off, they sent millions of customers back to home and fireside nursing everything from simple colic to acute melancholia. They were flat and miserable. Sound reproduction was bad beyond belief. Wizards from the laboratories held the industry securely under their thumbs. The normal action of characters was altered to suit the location of the microphone; sets were designed only for the satisfaction of technicians who worshipped sound waves; directors were hampered by the comparative fixity of the sound camera. The material for stories was derived from the most primitive of stage plays. All that Hollywood had learned about the camera and its use was cast overboard, and the town set itself to the task of photographing the stage in flat white contrasts.

As this phase passed into the limbo of forgotten things, the camera became less a stationary instrument, the devilish sound waves were conquered to the extent that sets could be rationalized, and reproduction was improved to something approximating the original. Directors, in answer to the mandate of a languishing box office which seemed to call for action, conceived the idea of making their characters jump about. If it was motion the customers demanded, argued these simple fellows, they would get it. Pictures were crammed with hundreds of feet of physical action, purposeless, unnecessary, and wholly without meaning. Dialogue still told the story, and the action meant nothing to narration. A few directors, heeding the admonition that pictures contained too much talk, experimented

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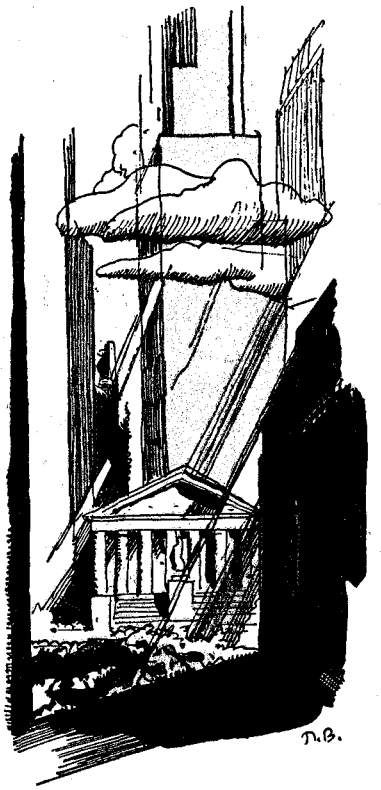
with long silent shots, unrelieved by music or significant action. They were only abrupt and awkward interludes distinguished by the fact that they broke the continuity of action.

The failure of superficial motion and silence brought on the conviction that the intelligentsia might save the situation. Every second-rate scribbler in New York rushed to Hollywood at a fabulous salary, spread his jingo philosophies over thousands of feet of film, and rushed back, well-heeled and sleek, to report to his pop-eyed conferees in the Algonquin lobby what barbarities were practiced in the West Coast Gomorrah. And still the box office grew more sickly.



In the fall and winter of 1931–32 film affairs approached a crisis. Practically every company in Hollywood was borrowing to complete its production schedule. Receivership suits instigated by hungry stockholders fell on all hands to belabor the producers and their loving colleagues, the bankers. Wall Street began to suspect that there simply wasn't enough pelf in existence to keep the movie boys supplied. Sly ultimatums drifted westward to the effect that the breaking point had been reached. Something had to be done, or else. And the implication of that incomplete sentence was not lost on producers. For the first time a well-defined movement toward specific production policies for each company began. Hollywood energetically planned its greatest season. It was to be the industry's supreme answer, its last stand, its joy and its pride. Pictures which then were outlined now are reaching the public.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, acknowledged leader of the industry, naturally could be expected to produce the most dazzling fireworks, and it did not break the faith. In *Grand Hotel* it grouped half its reigning stars into one milky way for the amazement of the fans. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in the effort, and the result was astounding. Mr. George Jean Nathan turned in the most competent judgment of the opus, pronouncing it trash, drizzle, and nonsense. It would have been unmasked by the cinema critics themselves had they not been stupified by the brilliance of its ballyhoo.

The second triumph of Metro was the filming of *Strange Interlude*. *Grand Hotel* as a motion picture was bad enough, but *Strange Interlude* is a cinematic monster the like of which never was seen on land or sea. It is all words. Intelligent production could have eliminated entirely the verbal asides of the play, and expressed them in the true cinema medium of pantomime. But no attempt was made at translation. There is no single hint of originality in the production. It brings credit neither to its producer nor its director. But it will make money, and so will *Grand Hotel*.

The policies of other producers, while not so pretentious as Metro's, follow certain general trends. Warner Brothers seems intent upon making a cinematic MacFadden house of itself, with revelations of everything from politics to prize fights. A certain speed and infantile directness distinguishes its best product. Universal is taking refuge in sound old westerns, serial revivals, a general line of mediocre program pictures, and an occasional super-production. Paramount's output is recognizable by puerility of plot and a vague technical excellence. RKO leans toward timeliness and Fox toward sentimentality. All these last three are producing a vast amount of trash.

The conclusion that the cinema's greatest season must come to grief appears inevitable. At best, studios merely are startling their customers, without making any fundamental improvement in their product. The surprise bag eventually will be exhausted, leaving conditions worse than ever. Under the bold leadership of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the industry is swinging for the second time very definitely toward the stage technique which almost has ruined it.

A Bad Year for Bad Pictures

The producers, when called into woodshed conference by their owners, plead the depression as an excuse for their penniless con-

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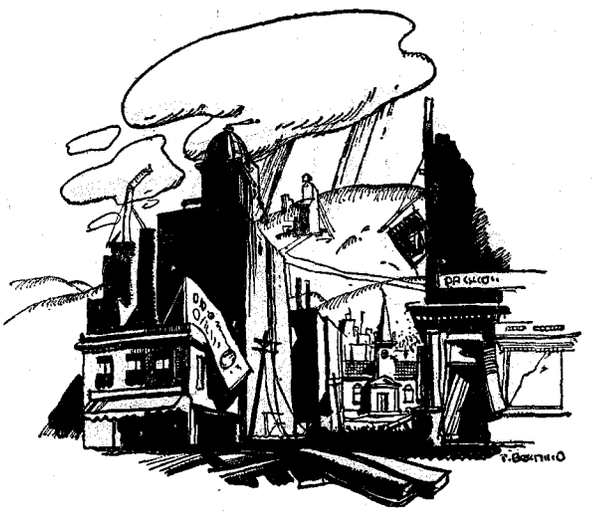
dition. They know, however, that the depression really is their one lucky break. They understand well enough — although they make an elaborate pretense of ignorance — that a fundamental flaw exists in their product. The public has risen in wrath and declared that pictures almost without exception are unspeakably bad.

If any other industry were faced with a like complaint, the fault speedily would be smoked out and remedied, or the industry would cease to function. If people do not buy motor cars as of yore, it is not because they object to the new models, but because they can't afford them. A great smoke screen emanates daily from Hollywood, designed to obscure the fact that the town is on the verge of bankruptcy because it is too stubborn or too stupid to perfect its product to the point where the public again will buy it.



The movie boys in shouting to heaven for new and original stories are perpetrating a costly folly. Their mentalities are so elemental that they do not understand that there are no new and original stories. They cannot grasp the fact that in this late day originality and newness are lent to a picture, not by the story, but by the manner in which the story is told. A producer can make use of two story-telling mediums — that of the stage and that of the screen. The former has bled him white. If he is to continue it, the entire organization of Hollywood must be junked.

If, on the other hand, when the current season is found to be a failure, a return to silent technique with supplementary sound, music, and dialogue is decided upon, things may look up. The silent picture had a width of appeal and an international language unknown to the talkie. Its success depended not primarily upon story, but upon the graceful, rhythmic flow of motion which told the story.

To say this is to bring forth a wail from Hollywood writers, who assiduously nourish in the minds of producers the belief that stories are all-important. If you declare that the method is more vital than the story, they accuse you of playing into the hands of the directors, whose increasing eminence they covertly hate and envy. The writers have had — and still have — the power to write scripts directly for the screen with such clarity and exactitude that every motion, every expression, every thought of the actor is outlined on paper. If they chose to write such scripts, they would force the director into the minor position of a drill sergeant executing commands given by the author. They would, in effect, become directors themselves.

Instead, we have the absurd spectacle of one author writing a story, a second adapting it, a third handling the dialogue, and a fourth doing additional dialogue. There are endless conferences and idiotic alterations. It is impossible for a critic to give credit for a picture, because it is impossible for him to analyze it. And when analysis is out of the question, synthesis has been sadly botched. The system under which writers work would sap the vitality of a Shakespeare — and Hollywood has no Shakespeares. They are intelligent enough to know that they are writing trash, but they are not intelligent enough to do anything about it.

With the writers definitely outside the picture, the directors constitute the last line of defense. It is comparatively easy to recognize the sentimentality of a Borzage, the stylisms of a Howard, the scope of a Vidor, and the present affectations of Joe Sternberg, but it is safe to say that with the exception of Charles Chaplin, there has not been a single American director of courage and originality since the pioneering days of David Wark Griffith, whose professional death was signalized in the recent failure of *The Struggle*. The early leadership — crude though it was — given to American films by Griffith was usurped first by Germany, later by Russia and France. We have no directors to compare with Pudovkin, Eisenstein, and Dovjenko in Russia, or René Clair in France,

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despite the fact that these men, being trail blazers, have committed many blunders.

Directoral freedom is limited more severely than in the silent days, but the directors have shown no disposition to utilize what measure of freedom still remains to them. For the greater part, their dramatic education is crude and elemental. I present as indisputable evidence for this contention the fact that every picture must have its dramatic high-spot, wherein the leading lady screams, tears her hair, and behaves generally like a Fulton Street fish-wife, meanwhile roaring, "Go — go forever!" at her startled lover. Delicacy and restraint are as foreign to a movie director as to a politician. When he fails so completely in the dramatic elementals, it is not surprising that he is utterly lost when confronted with incidental sound, synchronized music, and the gradated subtleties of pantomime.

He will insist solemnly that a synchronized musical score running continuously through a picture is impracticable because it may drown out, for example, the sound of a street car. He fails completely to understand the emotional reactions of an audience when confronted with music and motion. If he is approached with the proposition that incidental sound should be presented, not as one outside the story would hear it, but rather as it seems to the character, his only reaction is a blank stare and the proffer of a cigarette. As a result he films incidental sound without a single variation of intensity. The noise of street traffic is represented as being heard as plainly by a man thinking of the murder he committed ten minutes before as by the man who is making a study of street sounds. The noise is there, and with the help of God, the director will do everything in his power to annoy his audience with it. This is his only conception of realism.

As for pantomime and its possibilities, the director throws his hands up in bewilderment. It is easier for an actor to say he is happy than to be happy. It is so much simpler to tell a sequence than to enact it. The dramatic value of silence is a closed book.

As an added disadvantage, the cinema writer and director have no centuries-old body of tradition to consult. Theirs is a new medium, a typical product of the mechanical age. And, to make matters worse, there are distressingly few competent critics.

A Civil War in Pictures

While there is sound reason for questioning the intelligence and artistic integrity of those who control the cinema, no one can dispute the possibilities of the medium.

In the ultimate form, it will be mass entertainment; which is to say that it will spring from elemental sources and will appeal directly to the emotions. It will be quite nauseating to those off-breed intellectuals who are convinced that genuine art is equipped at birth with a barbed-wire fence and a No Trespassing sign. Whoever seeks intellectual stimulus from the cinema, excepting as it comes from emotional sources, will be sadly disappointed. But this does not imply that the screen will be stupid.

It will tell straightforward stories through the delicate subtleties of pantomime and music. In its more inspired moments it will be a poem of motion, rhythm, and fantasy. Its commercial success will be gauged by beauty of presentation rather than by story content. Speech will be used only when it is essential to the action. Asinine conversations and stupid realism will vanish. Simulation will give way to imagination, and at the precise moment this change occurs, first mortgages will be supplanted by fat bank accounts.

All of this cannot be accomplished in one year or in five. At the moment, the screen is engaged in a furious civil war from which new and daring leaders will emerge. There can be no doubt as to the outcome of this battle for independence, for if it loses, the cinema will cease to exist as an art, and it is too virile to die.

Meanwhile there are many experiments to be made — experiments of such magnitude that each one costs an earl's ransom. By their very natures, film organizations never will be successfully operated by trust companies and boards of directors. But for the present these evils must be tolerated, because, forsooth, they are furnishing the money. Eventually the industry will revert back to a few courageous men who are strong enough to control it. The critics may castigate the movie barons in fourteen languages, but the fact still remains that they constitute the only form of life which has been able to make the bankers pay for experiments from which they haven't a Chinaman's chance of deriving a profit.

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Thank You, England!

by **JOHN V. A. WEAVER**

I

"WHY IS IT?" I wonder, "that the moment I leave England, the jackals of fear and the coyotes of doubt come howling up to shatter the faith and security that country always gives me?"

I squeeze past the jutting posteriors which determinedly block the corridors of the bucking French train, pondering, as I go: "What shall I learn in these other countries? Shall I find any clue to the recovery of Europe or of America? If I keep my ears and my eyes and my mind open, shall I discover that there is a solution — that I have not been living for six months in a backwater, this England, dammed into false tranquillity by arbitrary weirs which soon the flood of calamitous reality will toss aside?"

Drawings by Doris Spiegel

As I lurch into the ripening pre-dinner aroma of the *wagon-restaurant*, my elbow tingles from the bulge of letters in my pocket, letters from America, my home. Phrases from them gnaw my mind: "Chicago has condemned our one good building in order to build the subway under it, and now the grafters and corruptionists have bankrupted the city, which cannot pay for the property; but the tenants meanwhile moved out, and the taxes and other expenses so far outweigh the income. . . ." . . . "I'm hanging on somehow, all my friends owe me, we've closed up all but two of the rooms, Mary does her own housework — where is this going to end?" . . . "Theaters are empty, managers are failing, the movies are bankrupt, books aren't selling at all. Next year looks even worse, with ticket-taxes and sales-taxes —" ". . . Depression, defeat, dejection . . . if we had any leader, any plan —". . . .

ALSACE IS FRENCH

BELOW Nancy, the miles click off checkered fields never ending, grain swollen with richness, soil writhing with power, with life, with creation. The waxed-moustached little Frenchman opposite, natty, heavily scented, gray-edged hair pasted down with grease, clasps together his pretty gloves, and turns from contemplating the far-off waves of blue mountains.

His soulful eyes wink moisture. His voice minces, "*Mon pays, m'sieu!*"

I nod gravely. I think words, "Alsace, Elsass, Franks, French, Lorraine, Lotheringians, 743, 1870, 1914, Metz, Strasbourg. . . ."

The frondlike finger points out into the gold and green lozenges, "Shell-hole, *m'sieu!* Another. . . . Fortification. . . . Gun-emplacement. . . ." A pause, then the voice lisps again, "Trenches, shell-holes. . . . That bridge. . . . Here they blew up the railroad. . . . There we lost two thousand men one ten minutes. . . ."

"You fought here?"

"Four months. Three years up there, after. Mons. Verdun. Look."

Swiftly the dainty hands roll up the right trouser. No leg is there, but a neat contraption of leather and steel. Smirking, he opens his

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lavender shirt. I choke from perfume, and I see an indentation like a soup-bowl, where bones were. Coyly, he parts his brilliantly pomaded locks.

"The finest silver — more valuable than sterling!" he titters. Shrilly he adds, "But now my France is French, and my Alsace is French too!"

He flounces back to the enraptured survey of his France.

Nevertheless, that night in his French Strasbourg, I sit in half a dozen cafés and watch flaxen heads and blue eyes, and the language I hear is preponderantly guttural. And when rollicking voices join the songs, the words ring out, "*Wann i' komm',*" and "*Dein ist mein ganzes Herz,*" while, at the end, it is not "*Encore!*" that roars up to the French stars, but "*Jawohl! Jawohl!*" . . .

Germany Is Allowed no Soldiers

A magnificent playground extends many acres along the tracks outside of Ulm. It is clotted with people — three thousand, at a guess. A few elders, a few young children, but the vast majority between fifteen and twenty-five, golden-burned and strong in the scantiest of sun-suits. There are several games of football going on, and some other sports, but about a thousand boys and girls are going through beautifully executed calisthenics under the direction of a graceful man and an exceedingly pretty young woman.

I question my neighbor, a pleasant old man, and he informs me that sports and athletics have boomed in Germany since the end of the war.

"You see," he finally admits with a smile, "We sneered and jeered at the 'playing fields of Eton,' but we can always learn; we said, 'Well, these sporting nations, especially the English — they fight well; maybe sports are not so silly. Why shouldn't we get the benefits?' So already we play pretty good football and excellent tennis and golf, and some year soon we begin to win championships. You'll see! When we go at a thing, we accomplish it. It is an order."

Presently he added, thoughtfully, "Fine bodies those sports make. What marvelous soldiers, and mothers of soldiers! Only — " with a grin, "of course Germany is not allowed any soldiers any more."

Poor Broken Bavaria

Bavaria — gentle, smiling land; neat, washed, all friendly. Even the snow-topped peaks are not fierce or forbidding, but call to my mind kind old grandmothers in white caps and kirtles.

Their mountains, their songs, their dances, their beer — these things are dearest to the Bavarians' hearts. And they are always speaking of their poverty. They work very hard in their decorative fields, and they are ruined, they say.

But if I am to be convinced, ought they to smile so happily, ought they to sing so continually, ought they to put such hospitality into their "*Grüss Gott!*" so much convincing cordiality into their "*Auf wiederseh'n!*" or dress so spotlessly in their lovely musical-comedy costumes, or wear at so dashing an angle their pointed hats with the fluffy white feathers, or dance with such whole-hearted abandon? These are not the manners of a beaten, starving people.

I am filled with love for them, but I am puzzled, and I question the hotel keeper, who, before the inflation, was a millionaire.

In English he tells me, "I know what you mean, but let me assure you, we are all so poor! The Bavarian may have only three marks in his pocket, but he will go without his food, he will scrub and brush, and spend his money for mending and making himself clean. Go into any of these houses; there will be little to eat, but you could eat it off the floor. Poverty does not break us down, like some peoples. We do not have slums. We have a passion for neatness, we are clean, no matter what our condition."

Very well, I think, but where is this poverty? All the restaurants and eating places, crammed with customers, serve delicious food, not cheap. Everywhere I look, physical well-being glows out of healthy, hearty bodies. New, perfectly functioning electric lines and aërial railways throw a net over the mountains. Concerts are telephoned up from Munich to loudspeakers too cloud-encompassed for radios. New buildings, new bridges, new roads — physical assets into which money has recently been poured. Whose money?

Munich itself — mile after mile of stately edifices in perfect repair, of trim parks and elegant streets. I see nothing tawdry, nothing poor-looking or shabby, no rags or tatters or

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pauper clothing. Everyone looks prosperous. The night clubs are filled, the theaters have standees, the beer-gardens are packed and jammed. Yet whenever I converse with an individual, it is the same tale of his country's complete ruin, penury, tragic collapse. "Reparations must be abandoned! We cannot, cannot pay! We are at our last gasp!"

I have not seen Prussia, or the rest of Germany. But . . .

Darling Bayerische folk, so winning, so picturesque, so sweet, so glib — you wouldn't kid an American, would you?

The Cursed Englisher

In a rathskeller in Innsbruck, there are so many diners that I am shown to a table already occupied by a fifth of a ton of human flesh, in the form of a shaven-headed man and his frumpish wife. Rage oozes from their pig-eyes as, apologetically, I slink into a seat back of them. Their hostility increases when I twist my head about, seeking a chink through which I may see the *Schuhplattlers*.

After a muttered conference, they arrive at a plan. They move ponderously together, completing the obstruction of my view, and they laugh derisively. Meekly, I suffer this indignity, but the woman is not content. Furtively aiming her elbow, she shoves it against my plate, which falls, spilling meat and vegetables into my lap. They burst into yells of invective and denunciation, pointing at a small spot of grease upon the wife's sleeve. It is my fault — I am a cursed Englisher, a creator-condemned Englisher! They summon the harassed *Mädel*.

My small stock of the language deserts me utterly. With silent fury I arise, managing to stand with heel ground into the husband's hamlike foot. He bellows. But already I have reached the haven of a table in the rear, where the tenants welcome me with sympathetic clucks, and join with the *Mädel* in apologies. Please, please will I forgive — I must not think those wicked ones are Austrians. They are strangers — Berliners, they must be.

While my new table-mates assist me to wipe off the stains, they glare at the Prussians, who, with smirks, grunt congratulations to each other. . . .

"We Die!"

I lie panting upon a rock, looking backward through the drenching rain at the three miles of winding footpath I have just ascended from Hintertux. Already, since lunch, I have mounted nearly five thousand feet, and ahead of me looms a perpendicular zigzag of two thousand feet more, to the Tuxerjoch itself.

The ten-year-old lad I have hired as guide stares at me with round-eyed, contemptuous patience. He must finish this light chore, and then scamper back down again in time for his supper. When I succeed in dragging myself once more upward, he suggests, mildly reproachful, "*Aber — bitte — schneller!*"

"I'll schneller you!" I mutter, "Oh Youth! Oh yeah?" So I plod, and the rain softens gradually to flying icy feathers. At last I flop upon a bench in the yellow grateful warmth of the hut's kitchen, and tingle with the glow of the hot mulled wine.

We spend two hours over dinner, huddled around the kitchen stove, shoveling in many helpings of steaming wursts and kraut, black bread and herb salad and goat's-milk cheese, washed down with resinous Tirlaner. We are six at table, including the wizened chambermaid; the big greasy cook redolent of her métier; the lanky man-of-all-work, brave in frilled white shirt, bright green shorts, and flowered braces; a young Viennese boy; and Bernard Shaw.

This last is not really Bernard Shaw, but a retired Munich lawyer, who, immaculate in gray tweeds, pink-cheeked, fluffy-bearded, and satirically-eyebrowed, is the identical twin of the renowned Irishman. He is aged seventy-four, he says, and his passion is mountain-climbing. He is proud of his prowess in English and other languages, and we invent a game whereby neither of us shall use any German, but each time either fails to make himself understood in English, Italian, or French, he must buy a round of beer for the assemblage.

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The servants watch us with sidelong, uncomprehending smiles while we talk. Austria, he declares, is truly ruined — "*senza espoir.*" I agree that I have seen pitiful poverty, destitution, despair.

"*L'Allemagne,*" he pursues, pleased with his avoidance of the penalizing *Deutschland*, "*aussi. Che mala! Il faut canceller les reparations! Totamente!* We die!" He pantomimes strangling.

He catches my look of doubt. "Yes, yes!" he shouts, "*la verité! Siamo* — " he struggles for the word, and out it pops, in the forbidden tongue, "*Kaput!*" This costs him a round of beer.

So in gibberish he states his familiar arguments; his utter belief in them is obvious. Beer-rounds are numerous.

"Who won the war? Nobody! Everybody lost. But you are trying to make Germany lose it the most. With a sick Germany there can be no world recovery. Reparations and debts must be canceled! All nations must start even again, without burdens. Germany is a proud nation, seventy million people forced to be a third-class power. Strangled by France — surrounded! France herself, and French-financed Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia — a French grip around the German throat! No outlet! No mercy! No markets, either — not for anybody. You other nations will find out — if Germany dies, you will die too!"

I interpose a timid question, at the cost of a round. "But if Germany is so impoverished, what about all these new buildings? And the private loans from America, for instance?"

"Yes, we have used it for buildings, for construction, so that we could keep our workmen employed. Instead of charities and doles, and those other makeshifts to solve unemployment, we try to keep our self-respect!"

"Look here," I suggest, "Germany could make a settlement which would pay up all claims. If she turned over to America, for instance, all the rights to her wonderful dyes . . . and to France the patents for her internal-combustion engines . . . and to England some other of her marvelous trade secrets —"

"What?" he yells. "You have drained our lifeblood, and now you want our brains as well?"

I see it is useless to argue. He is a representative German of the best class, announcing the creed. That's their story, and they're going to stick to it. Only one conviction gathers gloomy force in my mind: America, in the end, will hold the bag.

I beg him to stop the discussion. By this time we are all of us boozy and mellowing; why wrangle? The hired man fetches his zither and whangs it with loud tunefulness. The cook, with a voice like a leaky calliope, howls yodel-songs in praise of the dear Tyrol and of the edelweiss, "that blooms mid snow and ice." More beer.

The old gentleman leaps up and does a violent hip-slapping dance. He seizes the chambermaid and whirls her about the smoke-filled room. The fat cook advances, drops me a curtsy. In a moment she is waltzing me to dizziness. We are all hoarse with laughter, glowing with fellowship. The hired man punctuates the uproar with shrill Tyrolen yaps. . . .

Before we separate for sleep, we dash out into the roaring blizzard and dance in the snow.

To-morrow, strangers again . . . aliens. . . .

Austria Is Ruined

THROUGH pathless drifts we lurch and slither, blinded by the hurtling flakes, numb with cold, falling every few steps into waist-deep snow-pits. For twenty minutes we have been lost.

The others begged us not to set out in so violent a storm. Herr Taendler, perhaps, might be adequately equipped, with his fine stockings, his thick coat, his snow glasses, his great nail-studded high boots. But my thin tweeds, lisle socks, and ridiculous low black shoes — "boulevard shoes," they call them, in anxious ridicule. . . .

Somewhere, half an hour away in the white inferno, is the hut. No use going back now. Three thousand feet downward is the snow line — if you ever regain the trail. It is possible, I realize, not to regain it. . . .

I pitch full-length over a rock, then I shout feebly. Taendler stumbles back to me. Giggling, I point out, where my bruised elbow has displaced the snow, the painted red arrow of the trail. He yanks me once more into action.

After a long, mechanical delirium of effort, I seem suddenly to awaken. Brilliant sunshine. I am treading emerald grass. Back of me, the fearful peak has vanished in the swirling storm.

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Below, stretches to the horizon a kaleidoscopic carpet of Alpine flowers.

"Not so bad," says Taendler. "We made the snow line in two hours. The guide-book allows two and a half. And lost, at that!" As we trudge down the rest of the sixteen miles to the railway, he tells me about himself.

He is twenty-eight. At fourteen he fought the last two months of the Western front stand. He has a good job, now, with a book-publisher in Vienna — an important job, but he makes barely fifty dollars a month. And he is very fortunate. He saves two schillings each week, and thus gives himself a walking trip every vacation in the mountains. He is radiant with love for the mountains. He is a Communist, he says. So are all his friends. I ask him why.

"Austria is ruined," he says. "No hope, no future — nothing! What had we to do with it — my generation? The old men did it. And the old men still run everything. They lead us nowhere. Well, we think, nothing could be worse. Any change might be better. So my generation will probably have a revolution soon — for Communism. Or plain anarchy. Why not? This way it is hopeless."

Later, when we are lunching at a tiny *Gasthaus*, I say, "But look at us — you and I; we were lost. We might easily have died up there. We simply kept at it — and here we are."

He shrugs his shoulders bitterly. "Don't forget, we knew all the time there was a way out."

Just before we part at the railroad, he removes his beautiful boots. His feet are blistered and bleeding badly. My "boulevard shoes" are water-soaked but still intact. My feet bear no marks. They do not even hurt.

Charlie Chaplin Hitler

On Sunday afternoon, I am one of thousands in the vast Loewenbrau concert-garden. Only such a military band of a hundred pieces, led by the most famous bandmaster of the old army, could evoke this heady grandeur from the marches, this lilting glamour from the Lehar waltzes. Steins pound tables, laughter and singing echo from the eaves.

I am sitting at a table with a little, thin man, his rotund wife, and his gnarled, apple-cheeked father. Since the moment of my arrival we have talked together with great amiability, and drunk many "*Prosits!*"

Now he is telling me about Hitler, and his eyes are hot with scorn. "An idiot! A mountebank and demagogue. Who are his followers? Only the out-of-power, the dissatisfied and the anti-everythings, the riffraff! Anti-Catholics, anti-Jews, Hohenzollernists, the jobless, and the ones who will not take jobs when they can get them — dozens of groups, each with interests and demands antagonistic to the other, and he fills each with promises. He promises everything and anything! And if he once gets in — Hitler the Dictator! He thinks he's a Mussolini! A Mussolini — this silly creature? Look at him. Mussolini may be crafty and cruel and proud, but he's a figure of a man, he has power and strength and personality. This Hitler — doesn't he look like Charlie Chaplin? He should be a comicker in the films!"

"However," I suggest, "his following is very large."

"Not in Bavaria! Only in the North and West. Good-for-nothings and militarists. His army, and his swastika flag — we won't have them, no!"

"Why is Bavaria making all this fuss about refusing to allow uniforms restored?"

"It's something in every soul, I suppose, but particularly in the German soul," he says, with a bitter laugh. "The minute a German gets on a uniform, he starts pushing people off the street, he steps on your feet, he insults you, he wants to fight. We want no more of that. Sooner we will separate from the Reich. We will have a good Bavarian king once more, like Ludwig first. King Rupprecht, eh? No more fighting. Friends with everybody, forever!"

He sells furniture and pictures — business is very bad, nobody can afford to buy much, but it is a living. He fought on the Western front from early in 1915 until just before the end. He likes Americans and English, he says, and thinks the three nations should form an alliance, and so rule the world.

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Business as Usual in England

I have seen and heard and felt a number of interesting things, and learned nothing which indicates a solution. Now I am back in England. I read with heartsickness my letters from America — the same frantic alarm, the same wails, the increasing sense of fundamental instability and lack of resource. What has happened to my country's character?

Already I am succumbing again to the soothing spell of this strange, dogged, unshattered England. I see this nation plodding soberly along, with a weary smile, tackling its problems unterrified, bearing with grim patience its heavy burden of taxes, facing every situation with stolid confidence; my nerves calm, and I am warm with admiration. Surely British spirit has for its essence high courage, integrity, and self-respect!

This nation's attitude seems to me ideal, if ever a path is to be found out of the present chaos. Conditions are very bad here, but they are not made worse by panic. I do not hear howls or moans or snarls or threats or jitterings. I hear, in fact, little comment. The term "depression" has been practically ostracized. Perhaps the method is an attempt at homeopathic magic — the theory that by imitating a condition, one brings that condition about — but whatever the reason, people here maintain a determined appearance of "normalcy." Their outward behavior reflects no inward disturbance. Never, really, until now, have I fully realized the value of organized imperturbability, of tradition, of the "stiff upper lip," of "good form," of "playing the game," of all the historic clichés I used to consider a trifle ludicrous.

This week in which I write presents appalling national problems, for instance. But the Eton-Harrow cricket match maintains its time-honored importance, with participants and public alike.

I make my way to Lord's, and observe the conventional pageant with amusement and pleasure. I am of the opinion that cricket itself is as dull and uninspiring a game as the human mind has ever evolved — and it is my guess that a great many of the English share that opinion. Obviously, it is not the game, it is the occasion which matters to the sightly throngs. Generation after generation has celebrated the festival, in crucial times as in care-free, and it is a necessary section of the code of "Business as Usual." There is much beauty among the girls and women, and they are bravely and refreshingly dressed. The men are uniform and resplendent. A representative part of England's beauty and youth and smartness and — very well — swank is on display, approving of themselves and of each other in the bright summer sunshine, going through a ritual quite as if nothing else mattered.

The gentleman who has taken me to the match is aged seventy-four. He is "one of the best" — kindly, gentle, mildly humorous, a bit "stuffy," and very, very British. He has been, in his time, a good rugby player and a fine cricketer. He worked hard in the law and put away a tidy fortune, which has gone the way of most "safe" investments. His eyes are bright, his cheeks the color of a red carnation, his body not much more stalwart than the stem of one. He totters about the field, keenly enjoying his ciceronage.

I happen to know that for the past month he has been gathering funds to make possible this treat. He has practiced all sorts of little economies, such as pretending that walking is very helpful to his rheumatism, and that penny buses are hot and uncomfortable. From here he will go to a skimpy dinner. Now he ushers me proudly around, explaining, bowing to friends, stopping now and then for an empty but cordial chat, smiling, at ease among his equals. If anyone ventured personal inquiries, he would stiffen just perceptibly and then cheerfully declare, "Oh, well, things might be better. But — musn't grumble."

It may possibly be superficial and sentimental of me, but he and dozens of others here with whom I am acquainted symbolize a facet of that British Something which gives me hope and confidence that we may all yet pull through. One homely word keeps ringing through my brain.

Thank you, England, for having guts!

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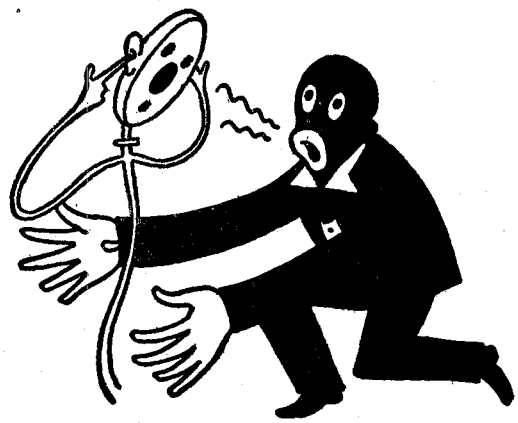
Radio Reviews

Mid-Winter Offerings



by **CYRUS FISHER**

For a pastime on dismal winter evenings try exploring into the wilderness of small stations at each end of the radio set's dial. You will find the woods full of strange and rare beasts. Here lurk man-eating fortune tellers, blue-sky revivalists, wild sopranos whose piercing love calls are not devoid of pathos, hungry crooners, shy comedians requiring only a little house-training to make good pets, and occasionally lovely creatures whom you later meet tamed and adorned by the large broadcasting chains. An evening of exploration is not merely entertaining; it is instructive. You discover that you are not dependent upon the performing bears exhibited on the two or three important sections of your dial.

Mammy!

Chevrolet Program, with Al Jolson. Louis Silvers directing orchestra. Announcers and technicians vary as program originates from different cities, depending on where Mr. Jolson happens to be at the time. Sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Company. About 3 minutes' advertising time. N.B.C. WEAF network. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

Like an old billy goat, Al Jolson has a fondness for bleating. He rests lovingly on the "a-a-a" sounds in his lyrics. He prances, capers, tells personal anecdotes in a quavery voice, offers confidential asides to the great unseen radio audience, and is the entire program. This is as it should be, for he is publicized as the greatest entertainer in the world. A pathetically credulous audience invited to each broadcast testifies to its firm belief in a publicity agent who evidently never heard of Grock, Chaplin, Wynn, Bozo Snyder, the Fratellini, Jack Pearl, or a little man whom everyone has forgotten — Billy West.

Louis Silvers' excellent orchestrations get only two sixty-second breaks before Al catches his breath and grabs the microphone again. The audience of free passes explodes into terrific applause after each quip and bleat. Mr. Jolson makes the mistake of playing to the people watching him broadcast. You can hear the muffled laughter at his visible antics. He is a showman suffering from sentimental dry-rot and laziness. Only now and then do you get a touch of that heady ferment of the old Al Jolson before the movies made him soft and taught him how to substitute bum gags and bathos for one of the most infectious personalities ever to brush stage-dust off its knees. If he isn't on when you read this homily, he can blame only himself.

Radio City's Début

Roxy and His Gang from Radio City, with Samuel L. Rothafel as master of ceremonies introducing a heterogeneous mass of talent including Rudy Wiedoft, Dave Apollon, Vladimir Padwa, Jeannie Lang, Viola who is given no last name, some sincere voices called "The Three Graces," a ballet dancer who told

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us that since she couldn't dance she guessed maybe she'd just say "hello" and anyway the time was getting short, Addie Kouznetzoff, Zinaida Nicolina, and some other people from Wisconsin who have very difficult Russian names. John S. Young, announcer. Sweetser, production. Reinhart, sound engineer. Kelly, sound effects. Sustaining program — no advertising time. N.B.C. WJZ network. 12:15–1:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

I hope this lumbering carryall is not an example of the work of the geniuses who are going to make Radio City a place of creative delight and immortal glory. Samuel L. Rothafel, the "Roxy" who saddled our cinema palaces with prologues, is now teaching his gang how to present spectacular radio entertainment. Grand opera is brought down to the comprehension of the masses. Sugar-coated melodies by ice-cream soprano voices prevent us from becoming bored by the deep stuff. In the best prologue tradition, the ubiquitous Mr. Rothafel dodges in and out to explain how wonderful the past number was and the next number will be. He has a heavy, dull voice which makes his program seem even more depressing than it actually is. He is the last rose of all those worthies who flowered during the golden showers of '28 and '29; alone he has been transplanted to the tender gardens of Radio City, where it is hoped he will start a whole new growth of beauties.

The "Abie" of the Air

"*The Goldbergs*," with Gertrude Berg, James Waters, Helen Rowland, and Julian Altman. Bill Hay, announcer. Daly, production. Sigety, sound engineer. Kelly, sound effects. Gertrude Berg, continuity. Sponsored by Pepsodent Company. 2 minutes, 15–25 seconds advertising time. N.B.C. WEAF network. 7:45–8:00 P.M. EST. Daily except Saturday and Sunday.

"The Goldbergs" contains all the unbearable simperings, wooden sentimentalities, and mutton-chop philosophy that might be expected from a wax-works family group symbolizing the Triumph of Love and Courage over Misfortune. *Abie's Irish Rose* was stark realism compared to this nightly bowl of mush. Mrs. Gertrude Berg overwrites all the parts and overplays her own. As "Mollie Goldberg" she is the mother, an oracle of philosophical exposition, in a mawkish program of the trials and tribulations of a type of Jewish family ripened on the stage. Her treacle is evidently responsible for the popularity of her program. The dramatic value is negligible.

Mrs. Berg carefully replaces every *g* with a *k* in her "darlinks" and in most words of similar endings. This valuable device indicates, I suppose, that her character is just that of a shrewd old Jewish woman with a heart of gold. Otherwise "Mollie Goldberg's" accent is not so different from my Aunt Cary's, who lives in the Bronx and also has a heart of gold but never pretended, so far as I know, to be a shrewd old Jewish woman. James R. Waters playing "Jake Goldberg" has caricatured stage Jewish rôles for so long in *Potash and Perlmutter* and *Abie's Irish Rose* that a restrained, sensitive delineation would probably strike him as abnormal. The other characters are not important enough to make the dramatic strip any worse by their juvenilities.

Last Performances

"*Bring 'Em Back Alive*," with Frank Buck and A. C. Gilbert. George Hicks, announcer. Chase, production. Riebman, musical director. Clements, sound engineer. Kelly, sound effects. Lucas, continuity. Sponsored by A. C. Gilbert Company. Almost 4 minutes' (unless Mr. Gilbert considers his appearance entertainment) advertising time! N.B.C. WEAF network. 5:45–6:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

At the opening of each program Mr. A. C. Gilbert, the sponsor, says something to this effect: "Well, Frank, how about that thrilling and dangerous tiger you were telling me about last week?" This cleverly introduces Mr. Frank Buck, who is no better than the sponsor as a speaker, followed by a shaky dramatization of one of Mr. Buck's adventures, with much roaring of wild animals. "Bring 'Em Back Alive's" contract is scheduled to end a little before this issue of The Forum appears. It would be just like them to renew it.

Elgin Adventurers' Club, with Floyd Gibbons. Charles Lyon, announcer. Lindley, production. Sturgis, sound engineer. Gibbons and amateur Desperate Desmonds, continuity. Sponsored by Elgin National Watch Company. Advertising exploitation built into entertaining time plus approximately 2 minutes' straight commercials. N.B.C. WEAF network. 10:30–10:45 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

You are (or were) invited to write up your own adventure for Floyd Gibbons who may (or might) deliver it over the air. This simple program idea preserves all of Mr. Gibbons' energies for talking. It also provides that element of excitement necessary to any program conducted by the President of the well-known Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, and, according to his own advertisements, one of

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America's outstanding broadcasters. December 23 was supposed to be the closing date for this one.

Thurston, the Magician, with Howard Thurston, assisted by Bernadine Flynn, Eugene McGillen, and cast. Arthur Jacobson, narrator. Announcers Charles Lyon (Thursdays) and Wallace Butterworth (Fridays). Paquin, production. Jacobson, sound engineer. Ashbaucher, sound effects. Gihon, continuity. Sponsored by Swift and Company. About 2 minutes' advertising time. N.B.C. WJZ network. 8:45–9:00 P.M. EST. Every Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Howard Thurston saves beautiful girls from worse than death in far-away countries by astute feats of legerdemain. If you are over twelve years old you will not be saved from boredom. We are informed that his swan-song is January 27.

"*Big Ben's Dream Dramas*," with Joseph Bell, Georgia Backus, and cast. Jack Shilkret, pianist. Howard Claney, announcer. Stillman, production. Strong, sound engineer. Kelly, sound effects. Martin, continuity. Sponsored by Western Clock Company. 2 minutes', 15 seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. WEAF network. 5:30–5:45 P.M. EST. Every Sunday. (Program completed December 18.)

"Dream Dramas" offered the perfect framework for radio expression. The continuity writer had the chance to send his characters through a series of nightmares, and no opportunity was missed to provide some of the most delirious episodes I have ever listened to. Joseph Bell had a dry querulousness, Georgia Backus a serious vagueness of attitude which gave an unreal and delightful atmosphere to their kaleidoscopic dream adventures. Despite the fact that "Dream Dramas" are no longer, this note embodies a devout wish that the sponsors will eat more mince pie at night and give us a continuation of what was a grandly original production.*

A Couple of Wags

"*The Modern Baron Munchausen*," featuring dialect comedian Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall ("Scharlie") on Thursday's Lucky Strike Hour. N.B.C. WEAF network. 10:00–11:00 P.M. EST. (A complete review of the Lucky Strike Hour appeared in the October Forum.)

Assisted by the floridly dubious Cliff Hall as "Scharlie," Jack Pearl fills two seven- to ten-minute spots on Thursday's Lucky Strike Hour and proves, aside from the question of material, that the dialect comedian of the old burlesque wheels is not extinct but was merely hibernating until there was a chance that the quality of beer might be improved. But I do wish that he had not modeled his act on Munchausen. After the colossal fabrications of the original Baron, Mr. Pearl's tales sound like the popping of firecrackers compared to the thunder of distant cannonades still reverberating across the centuries.

Fortunately Mr. Pearl's not-so-tall stories are only an excuse for him to display his comic wares. With his tumultuous Hans-and-Fritz accent, his sly queries — "Was you dere, Scharlie?" — his exceptional mastery of pacing (compare his timing against Al Jolson's fumbling with the required pauses necessary for a radio audience to pass over a comic climax), and his indomitable good humor, it would be a disappointment if he were limited to the present routine, which must inevitably wear thin. Jack Pearl is much too refreshing a zany to be shelved, even when his lies lose their swaggering dimensions.

Eddie Cantor, featured singing comedian on Chase and Sanborn Hour. N.B.C. WEAF network. 8:00–9:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday. (A complete review of this program appeared in the July Forum.)

Not so long ago Eddie Cantor reappeared on this program. As I stated last summer, I believe Harry Richman to be the best musical entertainer presented by the Chase and Sanborn Hour, but I should like to revise my estimation of Mr. Cantor. Singing, he belongs to the waw-waw school of the twenties, when a song was put over by a type of vocal exuberance which had little to do with the musical talents of the performer. Although he still sings too much, as a comedian he receives my complete capitulation. Eddie Cantor's special brand of humor is a zooming hysteria combining an overpowering eagerness to dazzle the listener and a frantic attempt to make allies against a cruel fate which continually threatens to deceive him or to trick him. Admittedly, he is now a little old-fashioned. But then on a Sunday evening it is rather agreeable to discover someone who can be humorous about the orchestra leader, yet stop for a moment to tell us seriously that it's all in fun and Rubinoff is really a splendid conductor, just as they used to do in the golden age when Ziegfield was alive and chorus girls rode elephants.

*[Editor's Note: — Your prayer has been answered, Mr. Fisher. N.B.C. informs us that "Dream Dramas" will be resumed January 15.]

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting on articles that have appeared in The Forum. Due to space limitations, the Editor reserves the right to publish the letters only in part.

Our New Propagandists

To the Editor:

In his essay "New Voices: The Promise of Our Youngest Writers" (November FORUM) Mr. C. Hartley Grattan established two dominant groups, one composed of triflers, the other of serious men. Properly, he admired one group no more than the other, but *did* imply that the grave young men were of more importance. The exact nature of their importance, however, he did not suggest, since he was not much concerned with the function of prose, but was satisfied to presume that it was to help bring about a change in the present industrial technique. Thus, a writer's work, however serious it might be otherwise, became nothing more than trifling unless it objected, directly or indirectly, to the injustices of a capitalist form of government. Mr. Grattan has on his side a host of writers with similar and even more radical social-service ideas: V. F. Calverton, Michael Gold, Upton Sinclair, and of late, Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Theodore Dreiser, Malcom Cowley, and to a certain extent even Gorham Munson.

This serve-the-masses school of writing and criticism is not new, but has never before achieved such power, owing perhaps to the general excitement in regard to widespread unemployment, poor living conditions, low wages for work that is available, and the customary exploitation of the helpless and inarticulate. The confusion, nevertheless, must be regarded as temporary, and it is to be presumed that within two years Mr. Anderson, Mr. Frank, Mr. Cowley, Mr. Munson, and Mr. Grattan himself will have abandoned the problem of how best to make the world a nicer place in which to live for the more traditional problem of how best to write prose, poetry, or criticism that will not depend for its significance on the fact that machinery has made an enormous number of people unhappy, or that the majority of humankind is instinctively mechanistic. I do not hesitate furthermore in challenging each of these writers to pursue for two years their literary, proletarian ends. That changes in the economic structure of America are inevitable is more than obvious. That these changes shall take place as a consequence of novels by John Dos Passos, Edward Dahlberg, Erskine Caldwell, and Robert Cantwell is questionable.

It should seem apparent to Mr. Grattan (or to any critic) that any work of art is inevitably propagandist, whether it is a poem by E. E. Cummings, an imaginative novel by Thornton Wilder, or an essay by Kenneth Burke. He should perceive also that if the basis of judgment of a work is to be the extent or nature of its propaganda, it would be essential to identify in every work discussed the propagandist intentions of the artist, and to proceed accordingly to place a value on the work. In not doing this, Mr. Grattan commits a serious, but common, critical error. It would take some effort, for example, to believe that the works of Kay Boyle are less capable of causing fundamental changes in living habits than the works of, say, John Herrmann, simply because the former treats her subject matter in a different manner from the latter. If Mr. Grattan had been less influenced by his humanitarian contemporaries — if he had based his decisions on this wider point of view, his job would have been more difficult and more to the point, for he would have been forced to the conclusion that one writer was hardly less or more a trifler than the other.

JOHN HAMMILCAR

San Francisco, Calif.

For Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins

To the Editor:

Perhaps no one in the United States is better equipped for the duties of Secretary of Labor than Frances Perkins, the present Industrial Commissioner for the State of New York. Her training from a

Uric Acid

ACHES?

■ Are you bothered with annoying pains in your arms or legs? Not serious enough to take to a doctor, you may think . . . but don't be too sure. Excess uric acid, neglected, leads to acidosis, rheumatism, kidney derangements.

The caffeine in ordinary coffee has a tendency to produce uric acid. Try dropping it out of your diet.

Caffeine, we said. Not coffee. For two weeks, drink Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free). It tastes like what it is . . . a delicious blend of Brazilian and Colombian coffees. Only the caffeine is out.

You can drink it morning, noon, night; and check for yourself its effect on your pains, your general health improvement. Your coffee taste won't know you've changed. Your system will.

Ground or in the Bean . . . Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Vacuum packed. Buy it from your grocer. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back.

Sign, Tear Off and Mail This Coupon Now!

Send 15 cents in stamps for a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee and a booklet on coffee and health. Use this coupon.

FRU2

KELLOGG COMPANY, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free) and booklet. I enclose 15c in stamps.
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Street .....
City .....
State .....

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Sail west into Hawaii's lazy Springtime

STEP OFF the boat in Honolulu. Laden with necklaces of fresh flowers, hear the welcoming *Alohas*, the melodies of the native band—the excited *Mahalos* of diving boys who have found your coins.

You're in a new world, a joyous world of color and sunshine. Your car moves down a street that seems tunneled through blossoms—orange, crimson, pink shower trees, the flaming Poinciana Regia.

Into your hotel and into summer clothes. What will you do this afternoon? Swimming, surf-boating, lazy watching at Waikiki—when you're ready.

No hurry here... always time for living ...for chuckling with sheer relief at being so far from ordinary worlds.

The highest temperature recorded in January 84°; in July 88°. American plan hotels at $5.00 a day will delight you.

$220 Roundtrip

From the Pacific Coast ports of Vancouver, San Francisco and Los Angeles to Hawaii and back... $220, FIRST CLASS. Spacious Cabin Class accommodations, $150 *roundtrip*. See your local travel agent.

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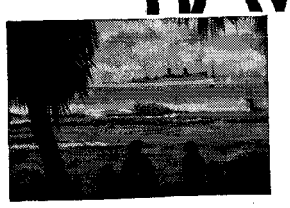
1514 RUSS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, on request, mail you FREE, *authoritative information about the Islands. For a special booklet on Hawaii, with picture maps, send 10¢.*

HAWAII



Our Rostrum

post graduate study of Economics through years of investigation in factories and mercantile establishments, as well as her long experience in hearing appealed cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act, has given her a significant knowledge both of working men and of labor conditions.

During the past three years she has given such intelligent attention to the problems of unemployment that her monthly statements on employment trends have been accepted as authoritative by those deeply concerned for industrial stability. Her appointment would confer distinction and honor upon women throughout the nation.

JANE ADDAMS

Hull House, Chicago, Ill.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Miss Addams' letter was received too late to be included in the symposium "Our Next Cabinet" published in the January issue.*]

Cabinet Appointments

To the Editor:

As a nation we have always boasted of our efficiency in management, and this is true in our industrial business, but when it comes to government business it is a different matter altogether. Is there any reason, outside of politics, why the Presidents should make such misfit selections, as they always do, in their Cabinet appointments?

Why isn't a general of the army, one who has seen years of service and gained all kinds of experience and knowledge, the best fitted for Secretary of War? Why isn't an admiral of the navy best fitted for Secretary of the Navy? Why isn't some good lawyer best for Attorney General? And some man with years of experience in the Postoffice Department best for Postmaster General?

Fitting round pegs into square holes is a hard job, yet every President tries it in making his Cabinet appointments. It would give the people more confidence if the selection of all public officials was made with a view of fitting the man to the job, instead of fitting the job to the man.

THOMAS M. STREET

West Pittston, Pa.

Parading Personal Problems

To the Editor:

I have just read with considerable amusement an article in the January FORUM entitled "Must I Have Children?" and I am taking this opportunity to offer my criticism to the Editor who has so imposed upon his readers as to waste the valuable space in his magazine in parading the personal problems of a reluctant mother.

I feel reasonably safe in asserting that very few FORUM readers have any interest whatsoever in whether the author of this article has children or not. Apparently she does not consider that propagation in her case is necessary or desirable, but I cannot possibly see why that should concern anyone but herself and her husband. It is obviously a specific case, though it pretends to be solving a general problem. It seems to me that THE FORUM, by allowing itself to be a medium for airing the views of an anonymous author on a personal subject, is rather undermining its principles.

PEGGY FRIEDLANDER

Cincinnati, O.

What of the Future, Anonymous?

To the Editor:

May I be permitted to make a brief reply to Anonymous, who asks plaintively, "Must I Have Children?" No, Anonymous, you do not have to have children as a duty to society. People have always married for purely personal reasons, never for sociological ones; and the same holds true of begetting offspring, despite the pretty speculations of the eugenists. No informed person who has regard for realities will pretend to believe that you and your husband are in any wise obligated to contribute worshipers to any church, soldiers to any army, or citizens to the run-of-mill population; or that you owe a duty to society to improve the human breed. You and your husband married for the best of reasons — love. If you decide to have children, love should still be your controlling motive.

But, my poor misguided Anonymous, the fact that childbearing is not a social duty is no disproof of the contention that you ought to have children. On the contrary, you ought to have some, not for the sake of society, but for your own sakes. Besides, you mistake the intentions of the elder generation. What you have taken for a conspiracy to saddle your generation with babies is really a sort of conspiracy (probably not a well-timed one, though) to spare your feelings. Your elders, too, have made a mistake — they have been telling you of joys and satisfactions which you find incomprehensible for lack of experience, when they should have been warning you of the penalties which inevitably afflict childless old age. That is, your elders have been sugar-coating the pill which they ought to have administered with the sternness of a Dutch uncle.

The present is rosy enough, Anonymous. But have you given a thought to the future? Your chances of surviving your husband are two out of three, as any actuary knows. Picture yourself a widow, old, childless, infirm, with no one to love you or to be loved by you in return. "On some fond breast the parting soul relies," you have doubtless read. Unless you have children, no such fond

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Our Rostrum

breast will be present when the lone survivor of your ill-fated partnership embarks on the last journey.

P. J. BENRIMO

Marion, Ala.

Emphatically, "No!"

To the Editor:

In reply to the anonymous article in the January issue of THE FORUM, "Must I Have Children?" I would answer most emphatically, "No, you must not have children!"

People who are so obviously without any love for children would make very poor parents and should not be asked or expected to bring children into the world. It would be too bad for the children.

I cannot help but feel that this article was written merely to excite controversy. It hardly seems possible that any woman could actually feel this way.

MARGARET NEUMANN

New York, N. Y.

No Children Until—

To the Editor:

"Must I Have Children?" should be read and acted upon by all humanity — at least until war, unemployment, poverty, starvation, and that *organized Pharisaism*, misnamed "Charity," are abolished from the earth. Bravo, Anonymous!

KITTY MARION

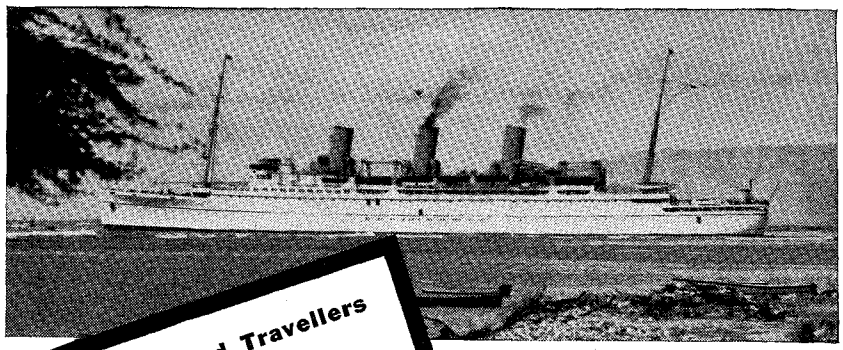
New York, N. Y.

They Also Serve

To the Editor:

"In Our Stars: The World Fifty Years from Now," by Irwin Edman (November FORUM), is a masterly article. Because I agree with so much of it I have the uneasy feeling that it is due to my own blind spot (possibly because I happen to have an incurable disease) that I take exception to one point. I contend that a person having an incurable disease has too negative an argument in favor of "merciful extinction." Also, will not doctors, then as now, differ as to the curability of disease? Further, not only the patient's physical condition needs to be considered but his character, talents, and value to society. What individual in any walk of life is qualified to hold the power of life and death?

Some people can endure pain, others can't. How could it be determined who was seeking an easy way out and who, having risen nobly to the occasion, found his existence unendurable? If it were up to the individual, where would the line be drawn? If a sick person holds this easy way out, like a trump card, will he not quit before he starts and, if the soul takes on its lineaments from the society in which it lives (and it does), will not such traits as patience, perseverance, endurance,



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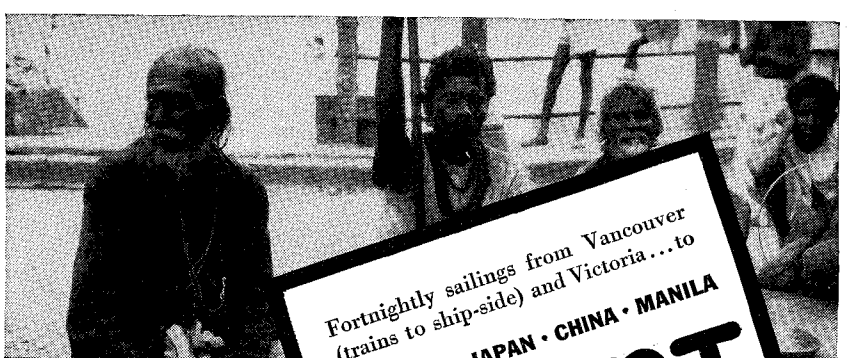

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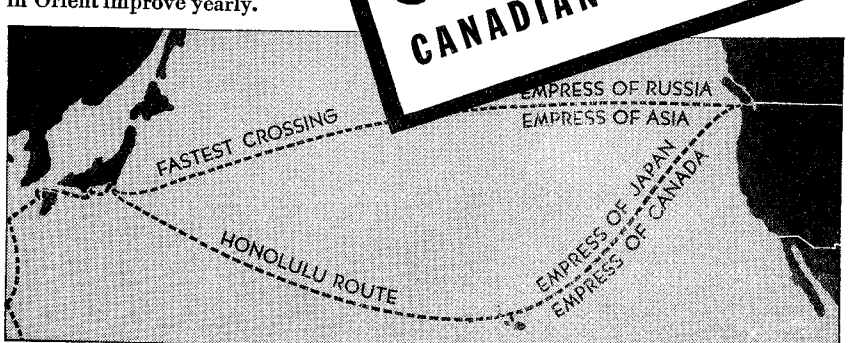

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Our Rostrum

and courage tend to become atrophied?

Would it not cheapen life in general for people to have to think that they are valued only in proportion to the service they can render? And when that service has been rendered and the individual, merely by having aspired too high perhaps, has made of himself a wreck fit only for the rubbish heap, would not the prospect of a like ignominious end be enough to dampen anyone's incentive? Or shall we revalue values and for the victim make of "merciful extinction" an heroic, exalted affair? I doubt if people could be so educated, for "life is a precious boon, even when it springs nonchalantly in the womb of women who do not desire it." Isn't there some value in *being* if one has finished with *doing* — an intangible value, but nevertheless important? It is possible that a sick person may have some mental, moral, social, or spiritual influence. Not that anyone would prolong a life that is unendurably painful for the sole purpose of being a character developer for those about him; but, assuming that he is not in pain, what about the human element? Everyone wants to think that life is precious, and as a matter of fact I suspect that it is the person who has never experienced prolonged illness who has the blind spot and who believes that one may as well be dead as to have an incurable disease.

Even if a well person's feeling for an invalid is only vicarious, isn't there some virtue in standing by his guns, especially with the sure knowledge of eventual failure? No one wants to give his support, his time, and energy to a losing concern, but if it's the unselfish, sympathetic, benevolent traits we wish to cultivate, isn't it necessary? Particularly since, under the new régime of socialization, with children and sick people in general more or less in the charge of paid specialists, the protective instinct would have every encouragement for becoming completely atrophied.

LORINE SCHLEGEL
Ah-Gwah-Ching, Minn.

These Superior Spaniards

To the Editor:

It seems to me the brilliant Mr. Philip Guedalla ("The Big Brother Complex," December FORUM) deceives himself, or is carried along on a stream of deception, when he asserts that the Anglo-Saxon's inarticulate assumption of superiority is a supernumerary gall in the hot liver of South America and Latinism in general. Who, since the Anglo-Saxon is inexpressive, assumes this superiority? Who but those capable of estimating it — the inestimable ones who have it — the asserters themselves?

Guedalla is nothing if not articulate and expressive, and in this he follows his

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Our Rostrum

blood. Is there any race more sure of itself and its inner sanctions of superiority than the Spanish? Yet, because human beings live by upside-downs, seeing in others what they themselves put out for showing, the Spanish may feel themselves inferior, since what they feel is what is expressed to them, innately, by those whom they critically observe, while the superiority they imagine in the Anglo-Saxon is simply their own, projected.

It will take a keener and less wordy analysis than Mr. Guedalla's to detect the real difference between hot blood and cold. It is a difference similar to that between the virtues of air-cooled and water-cooled motors; for the hotter blood of the North squirts through air-chilled craniums, while the tepid flow of the South courses through sweat-cooled polls. Air-cooled motors, at least, blow no gaskets and crack no castings with misplaced water.

BATTELL LOOMIS

Golden, Col.

"Poor Little Devil"

To the Editor:

I hope Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck feels the full responsibility of what she has done with her "poor little devil" of a son. Perhaps, as she unconsciously confesses towards the end of "Educated to Death" in the December FORUM, it really is too late to mend matters.

Here is Bob almost thirteen and a perfect little automaton and not a sign of rebellion from him. He seems so stupidly happy (his world lacks nothing but a car), that one would be inclined to give him a car and let him stew in his own juices. But one grows milder remembering what a fine kid he used to be at the mining camp.

Of course he isn't a leader born, or he would have stuffed the *Saturday Evening Post* down the incinerator himself, and he would have a couple of thoughts hidden away somewhere on the value of Sunday School and the Boy Scouts. He is wickedly weak, but there is that slim possibility that his weakness may save him. He evidently responds equally to intelligent or unintelligent handling, but then he will always feel the necessity of being provided with an environment no worse nor better than himself. He can't bear to hold his shoulders above a lesser herd, for he "would be the first to revolt against being removed from his fellows and put in a class by himself."

With a great deal of glass-house nurturing, a man might have been created from a dummy. But now, having seen the promised land, he will always long for it. For here let the truth be known: Bob is just one of those "nine and ninety ordinary spirits" and he will be happy now only if he has *no* time to think, to dream, to educate himself.

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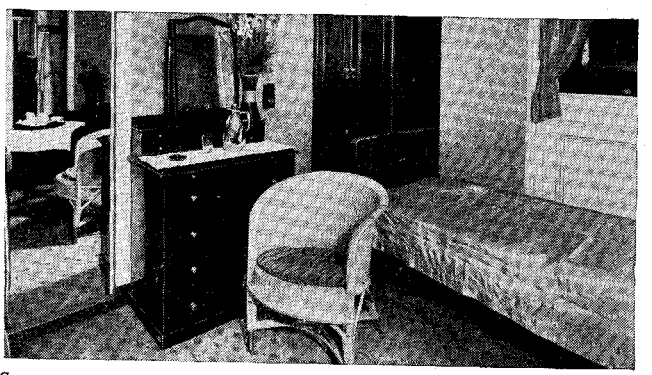

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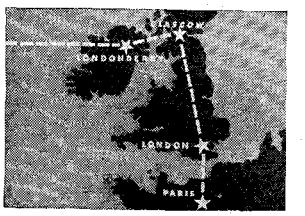

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Our Rostrum

What can be done now is to rescue him and shield him for the rest of his life from feeling different from other people, or forsake him to his bondage to work out his own destiny. There is that dim hope that judgment upon him may be in error and that he will shortly be rebelling royally. But if he remains content, that too will be of his own inclination. And these nine and ninety have their own sort of happiness which should not be denied them.

EDITH WITT

New York, N. Y.

A Plea for the Three R's

To the Editor:

Oh, wise Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck! — who said in writing about schools, "The kernel was to teach a child to stand on his own feet, to realize the things of beauty that were his for the taking, and to arouse in him the desire to take them. In other words, to give him the will to educate himself." In modern or progressive methods, the child is incapable of helping himself, for the progressives do not provide him with the necessary tools, the three R's, although they recognize the need of them. In McGuffey's time, when our country was honored by all nations for its great men, the child was taught to stand on his own two feet, and the desire was aroused in him to help himself in the pursuit of knowledge. This was accomplished first by teaching words thoroughly in the reading lesson, so that he could read with avidity and understanding. Also he was trained to be accurate and alert in the fundamental processes of arithmetic, which Plato says can be accomplished with even dull and sluggish brains. In those days a failure in learning to read was never known, and possibly only one in a thousand had real difficulty in mathematics, for the children were provided with good tools for their work. They had the joy of understanding.

ETTA GRIFFITH

Balboa, Calif.

Loud Cheers!

To the Editor:

Now the December issue of THE FORUM is before me. I have tossed it on my desk with a resounding slap, for I have just finished reading "No Arguments, Please," by Travis Hoke. It is the best damn article it has been my fortune to read in your or any other sheet in so long —

Since last April your issues have been devoted to too many articles on economic problems and their solutions. Now comes this refreshing, pertinent Hoke article done with truth and without malice.

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PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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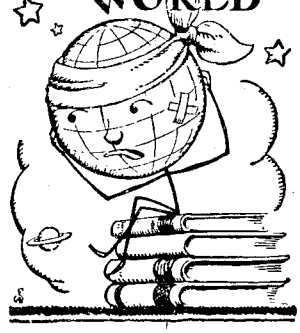

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Our Rostrum

thusiastic endorsement of the December issue will be considered with perhaps more weight than is usually accorded to a chronic writer of "letters to the Editor."

O. B. Russell

Cos Cob, Conn.

Our Parlor Radicals

To the Editor:

I enjoyed a good laugh over "We Americans" (January Forum), mostly at the expense of Peabody, the rugged individualist. But, at the same time, I couldn't help smiling, a little contemptuously perhaps, at David Sander, the young university instructor who was so concerned about Russia, socialism, and communism. He is representative of a certain type of mind which is more of a menace to constructive thinking to-day than the type of mind possessed by men like Peabody.

Granted that the rugged individualists have been stubborn and stupid in admitting the defects of our present social system, nevertheless, most of them have, in the last three years, taken such a beating that they realize now the need for drastic changes. It is too much to expect that these changes will come rapidly; the American business mind doesn't work that way. But when they do come, we may be sure they will not be ushered in with the chaotic overthrow of law and order that seems to form the nucleus of the average parlor radical's idea of how conditions should be bettered.

"The people must starve for a while," say the radicals, as they put their feet up on the sofa and settle down for a nice long evening of whiskey and sodas and Lenin, Trotsky, and Marx. "Anything that will bring about the downfall of capitalism should be encouraged," they assert, as they cash their pay cheques or clip their utility-bond coupons.

"And then what?" some doubting Thomas may ask.

"Oh, of course, we shall all have a perfectly miserable time. People will starve to death. There will be a revolution, and much blood will be shed. But then we shall not be bothered with capitalism. We shall all be as happy as the people in Russia are to-day."

Well, if they can be happy under an autocracy such as that over which Stalin now holds sway, why don't they all go to Russia and leave the rest of us alone to work out our many problems sensibly? The answer probably is that they have a vague suspicion, somewhere at the bottom of their shallow minds, that they might be cuffed for putting their feet on the sofa in Russia and possibly shot for clipping coupons. It would be such a relief if they really *would* go to Russia!

Peter Gilmour

Terre Haute, Ind.

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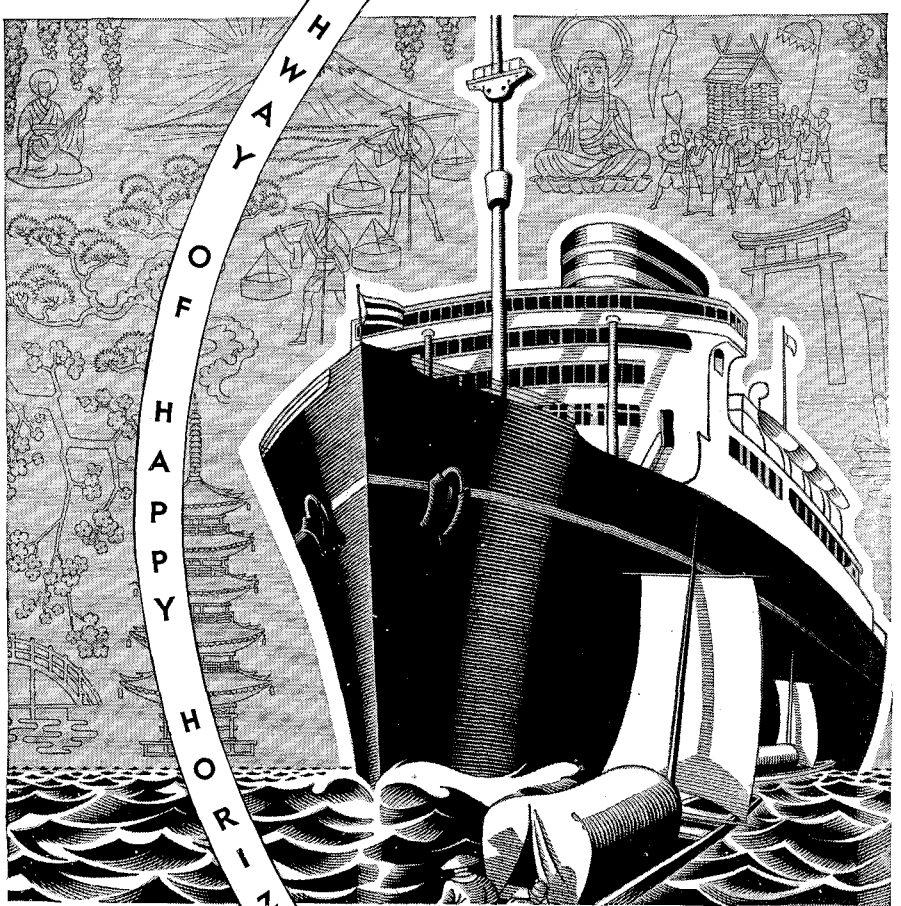

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"CAVEAT EMPTOR," meaning "Let the buyer beware." This wasn't used as a bit of balm to ease the ancient conscience; nor, yet, was it placarded in the booths and stalls of the market-place. It was a piece of every-day knowledge, born of dear-bought experience.

A shopkeeper knew little about the source of his merchandise. This tunic he bought from a trader, who said it came from Byzantium. So he sold it as the latest Byzantian style. The trader told him the dye was pure Tyrian — it wouldn't fade. So he sold it as Tyrian dyed. But the buyer knew the responsibility was his own. If he guessed wrongly, or his judgment was poor, it was *his* hard luck.

Today, fortunately, there are safer guides than the blanket-warning to "let your eyes be your market."

These guides are the advertisements. In this magazine, they are a daily catalog of the best values — signed by responsible manufacturers. If the goods are not all that is claimed for them, their sponsors would need to "beware." For no business can thrive on a one-time sale, or on dissatisfied customers.

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So, read the advertisements before you start out on a buying-trip. Make this a habit, and see how much you save . . . in time, in temper, in money, in shoe-leather.

TOASTS

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN resigned from the presidency of Princeton University in June, 1932, after twenty years in office. He is the author of several books on logic and philosophy.

MILDRED ADAMS, who contributes regularly to *The New York Times Magazine*, recently returned from a trip to the South and Middle West. An interview with Huey Long on the north-bound train from New Orleans furnished her with most of the material for "Huey the Great."

FRANK C. CROSS has been at various times a petroleum chemist, a college professor, National Director of Americanism for the American Legion, and New England Director of the League of Nations Association. He is married and is the father of two children.

MARIAN J. CASTLE, whose article "Chatauqua" appeared in THE FORUM in June, 1932, is a graduate of the University of Chicago. She is married and lives in Denver, Colorado.

PAUL HUTCHINSON, who is well known to FORUM readers for his two articles on Asia which were published in the earlier issues of 1932, is Managing Editor of *The Christian Century*.

EDWIN GRANBERRY is a Southerner, now living in New Jersey, whose short story "A Trip to Czardis," published in THE FORUM last July, received first prize as the best short short story in the O. Henry Memorial Awards.

KENNETH W. STILLMAN has been a trade paper editor for the past ten years. He has also had experience in various branches of industrial management with several large manufacturing companies.

RUSSELL LORD, Associate Editor of *The Country Home*, graduated in 1920 from Cornell University, where he studied agriculture. Since then he has spent most of his time traveling and writing on subjects of agricultural interest.

BERNARD DE VOTO, after his graduation from Harvard in 1920, taught English for a while at Northwestern University. He now devotes his time to writing. His latest book *Mark Twain's America* appeared last fall.

FRANK BUNCE has had an adventurous career as journalist, factory hand, shipping clerk, stevedore, panhandler, semi-pro football player, and steamship fireman. He is living in New Orleans.

DALTON TRUMBO was born in Montrose, Colorado, in 1905, and was educated at the University of Colorado and the University of California. He writes almost exclusively about motion pictures.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER, former Literary Editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, is the author of two plays and of numerous books of verse in the American lingo.

CYRUS FISHER, who has been writing and producing radio programs for some time, is the author of two mystery novels.

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